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The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 79. [Published Every Monday.] Week Ending May 7th, 1910. ONE PENNY.

Wood-Milne Rubber Heels.

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Editorial Communications to be addressed to THE MODERN MAN, *Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.*

The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

o. 79. WEEK ENDING MAY 7TH, 1910. ONE PENNY.

GREAT POLICE FORCE.

N WHO KEEP ORDER IN THE FAR NORTH-WEST.

le one does not forget the claims to distinc- f the Royal Irish Constabulary, the Natal ed Police, the great Indian Police Service, ape Mounted Rifles, to say nothing of our ood "Roberts," the Royal North-West ed Police Force of Canada is perhaps the ody of its kind in the world.

ainly the duties of the Canadian Mounted man are unique, for he is not only the em- ent of the law, but he is the law itself. not only makes arrests, but dispenses justice. ecessary, when he may be hundreds of miles he nearest magistrate and gaol.

beat of the R.N.W.P. extends from Hudson the Pacific, from the 49th parallel to the and, a bare thousand in number, they keep unfailing order throughout a land com- with which England is a mere speck on the surface

R.N.W.P. draws to itself men of every grade. In its ranks you may find sprigs of y who made the pace too hot to last in n town, 'Varsity men glad to escape from udgery of schoolmastering to the grand n of the R.N.W.P. man's life, ex-Army s and ex-Army privates, broncho-busters he Western States of America, lumber backwoodsmen, all sorts and conditions of

R.N.W.P. authorities don't care a dump man has been so long as he looks a *man*, mes up to and within official requirements s a first-class character.

the rest, the would-be candidate must be n twenty-two and forty years of age, active, as a bell, measure at least 5ft. 8in. in and not tip the beam at more than 175lb. her, he must be able to read and write ly in either English or French (many of the are French Canadians and know only n" English), must understand horses, ride nd not be blessed (or troubled) with a wife, this is not to say that there are not a good married men in the R.N.W.P.

eturn the recruit, who binds himself for a f five years, gets 60 cents (half-a-crown) a y, with the possibility of working up to 4s. a day as a staff-sergeant.

pecuniary rewards, therefore, are not great, s a fine life, calling for all that is best in a nd while the work is often hard, it is never esting, and there are grand opportunities rt.

ar as I know, however, there are more can- than vacancies, but with the development North-West more policemen are sure to be , and men of the MODERN MAN stamp stand a good chance.

J. J. COCHRANE.

CHEEK.

Mrs. John Lane, in a recent work, says that "The English are curious about foreigners; the only things they like foreigners to do for them are to sing and to cook." As a woman, of course, Mrs. Lane never would have been shaved!

* * *

In a scaremongering article, Mr. Arnold White says that "The White City is an advertisement that England cannot have it both ways." England has no wish to. Her system is always "to win."

* * *

"Whenever you find a man talking rot, you may know he is perfectly happy," observes Mr. Dion Clayton Calthrop. Vicious rival authors say that when Mr. Calthrop is dictating to a stenographer he is in the seventh heaven.

* * *

"A well-fitting bodice," says Mr. W. Somerset Maugham, "indicates strength of character and firmness." Even at the risk of popular displeasure, we are tempted to observe "of corset does!"

* * *

The name of a lady who won a game of billiards in public lately is Miss Edith Manley. It was only natural that she should excel at a masculine pastime.

* * *

A new novel is entitled "The Scarlet Kiss." "Makes me think," mused Bertie Bonnyboy, "of the one I snatched from dear little Totty Trippit behind the scenes when I took half her make-up off."

* * *

The name of a gentleman who has just celebrated his fiftieth year as a concert artiste is Mr. Bird. He is naturally capable of great flights.

* * *

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT:—No, Anxious Enquirer, the picture on the cover of No. 1. of the Harmsworth Natural History represents an animal, and emphatically *not* the editor of that publication.

* * *

"Life outside the theatre is sometimes painful and always stern," asserts Mr. Cosmo Hamilton. Is this his wily way of getting people to spend more time inside it?

* * *

A Moscow crook has been sharping at cards by means of phosphorus. But, in the police he has met his match.

* * *

The editor of "Answers" asks "Has any reader ever met with any evidence of gratitude in a pigeon?" Bucket-shop keepers answer emphatically "No!"

J. S. COX.

THE OFFICE MATCH.

HOW IT SPREADS THE SPORTING SPIRIT THROUGH A FIRM.

The office match has done more for sport than is usually credited to it. By this I do not mean to indicate the regular games played by properly organised office clubs, but the occasional—very occasional—match that is "got up," that's the word, among fellows who as a rule do not go in for any regular sport, and who have allowed perhaps a few years to go by without any sporting exercise at all, years that have robbed them of the will to make just that spurt of exertion and determination to keep in touch with the track, the field, or the open country.

For some time our office had slumbered in sloth. Sport, as a personal and individual aim and pursuit, did not stir us, though we followed the sports of the outer world with something approaching keenness. Our own efforts were, however, chiefly confined to testing our hand and arm strength with an office chair after work was over, or in intervals of leisure. Or we marked a line on the corridor floor, and took long jumps against each other.

This sort of thing would probably have been the beginning and the end of our sporting activity, but for a suggestion made half in earnest, half in jest. One of our staff, carried away by the joy of competition—even in an office corridor!—declared that he would walk against any others of the staff a distance of forty miles for a sovereign.

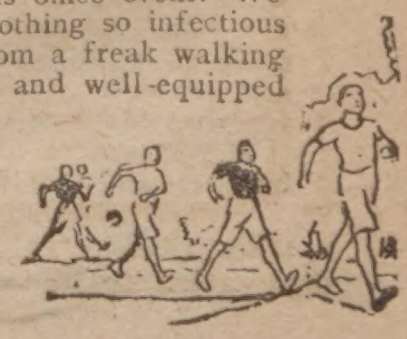
Forty miles was about the wildest distance he could have thought of, but the bare idea of a great match of that sort fired us all with the ambition to excel, and as several of us took up the challenge "for the fun of the thing," as we called it, the novel idea spread like wildfire, and in no time a date was fixed. We were to start at six in the morning, and to finish—where we could.

Eleven of us turned up for that walk. Ten of us finished—a bit done up, perhaps, and rather sorry for ourselves, but we finished.

The point is that that match, though a very interesting fixture in itself, was in reality the birthday of a new sporting life for us. Having found our legs, so to speak, we were as keen as possible on keeping them at work.

It was not long after this that we put our heads together and formed a regular athletic club, and now it boasts a section for every sport available to the average town-worker. Hardly a Saturday, or other whole or half holiday, goes by without its office event. We have found that there is nothing so infectious as the sporting spirit. From a freak walking match has grown a strong and well-equipped body of athletes.

C. MARSTON.



RIVER CAMPING

AN IDEAL SUMMER HOLIDAY.

Camping-out has always joys in store for the man who prefers an open-air life to absolute comfort, and who rather enjoys "roughing it" occasionally. But there is no form of it to compare with river camping.

Here you have your day's exercise and recreation ready to hand, with no possibility of boredom. You have continual change of scene, and can move from place to place as you could only otherwise do with a caravan, and your expenses will not be half as great. And above all, you can be independent, and move on when you like or stay where you are.

CHOICE OF RIVERS.

Those who lack originality, seem to imagine that the Thames is the only English river which is available for the river-camper, but this is by no means so. All the larger rivers —the Severn, the Wye, the Trent, and others —can be explored by the camper, who, like the snail, carries his house with him, and whose rate of progress, though it may exceed that of the snail, is yet more compatible with the enjoyment of his surroundings than that of the motorist or cyclist.

With the aid of a good map—and maps of the rivers and canals alone can be obtained —it will be possible to plan out a circular tour, and by using the connecting canals a particularly interesting tour which combines the Thames and the Wye can be arranged.

It is not until one tries river-camping that one begins to realise the importance of the waterways of England, and to appreciate the attractions of the bargee's life.

THE TENT PROBLEM.

For the man who prefers the beaten track—if one may use the metaphor in such a connection—every facility is provided by the larger firms of boat-builders, and if you do not want to do the return journey by river, you can arrange to hire your boat and leave it at the end of your journey.

The season extends practically from May to September, though the ideal time for a camping trip is in July or the beginning of August. But if the party is a cheery one, and is sufficiently well provided with waterproofs, it should be more or less independent of the weather.

There are two ways of doing the thing—with a tent and without it. The luxurious man, of course, may take a bag in the boat and put up at riverside inns, but that is not camping; and, moreover, it requires a very long purse, for riverside inns are not of the cheapest.

If you propose to move from place to place, however, and that is the real charm of river-camping, you will not want to be burdened with a tent. It is a bulky thing to carry in the boat, it is a nuisance to put up and to take down, and it is often difficult to obtain leave to pitch it on the bank.

It is a wise plan never to fix upon your camping-place for the night, even though you only intend to moor your boat to the bank without obtaining permission from the owner. Some riverside landlords have a habit of cutting up rough at most inconvenient times, while others will welcome campers and do much to make them comfortable if their permission is asked, while they are apt to stand upon their rights if it is not.

WHAT TO CARRY.

The method immortalised in "Three Men in a Boat" is the ideal one. You can get a skiff, or, if you prefer it, a punt, from any large boat-house, ready-fitted with a canvas cover, which forms a tent at night, being rigged up over iron hoops which fit into sockets on either side of the boat. At the ends it fits over the nose and the stern of the boat, and has an opening in the middle, giving access to the bank.

For about twenty or twenty-five shillings a week you can obtain a craft which will accommodate five men and is fitted with three pairs of sculls, a towing mast and rope, and all accessories.

The centre thwart is removable, and mattresses are provided for sleeping on, while there is room for any amount of luggage and other paraphernalia in the stern.

Among the latter should be a good oilstove for cooking purposes, and a frying-pan, saucepan, kettle, and so on.

For carrying water there is nothing to beat a stone jar with a wicker casing, such as may be obtained with the boat.

CHEAP AND PLEASANT.

A cheaper form of holiday could hardly be devised. The cost of hiring the boat, when divided up between five, or even three or four, is infinitesimal when compared with that of lodgings, and the cost of living can be kept down to a ridiculously low figure, though an occasional square meal at an hotel comes as a very welcome change, especially to the cook of the party.

Every man should have his own job, and the catering should certainly be in the hands of one person, otherwise you are liable to find no provisions for Sunday.

Beware, too, of early-closing day. I remember once on a fortnight's trip having the bad luck to strike early-closing day four times in different towns at which we had counted on restocking the larder.

Never start out without a towing rope and mast. If you depend on sculling alone for your motive power, it soon becomes monotonous, and a spell of trudging along the bank with a tow-rope over your shoulder is amply repaid by the ecstasy of lolling in the stern holding the rudder-lines and watching the smoke curling upward from your pipe while another man does the pulling.

TOWING-PATH DANCERS.

On settling down for the night, which you should always do before dark, be careful to tie the boat up firmly at both ends, or you may find yourselves drifting across the stream. Never moor on the towing path side of the river, or you may get into trouble with a passing barge or other boat.

A river holiday of this kind is sure to be crowded with little incidents which seem in retrospect quite as funny as any recorded in Mr. Jerome's masterpiece, though the humour of them may be lost upon you at the moment.

JOHN GERVAISE.

A MAN'S VIEW-POINTS.

HOW HIS TASTES CHANGE WITH ADVANCING YEARS.

We have it on high authority that the ages of man are seven. We will take the legal age of maturity, namely, twenty-one, as a starting point, with the object of showing how a man's view-points vary as the years move on.

At the happy age of twenty-one, a man lives in a world of his own creation, a world in which the dominant object of all is to "have a good time." To achieve this object, it is generally necessary to be earning a good salary, to be well-dressed, and to enjoy frequent "nights out."

Behold Mr. Twenty-One in the West End on pleasure bent. The hour is perhaps eight o'clock. He stands in the centre of Piccadilly Circus, under the darting figure of Mercury which, to his youthful eye, seems to be symbolical of the spirit of youth, springing blindly and joyously into the unknown.

Mr. Twenty-One's trousers are faultlessly creased, and of the latest and most fashionable shade. His tie is like the rainbow, and his patent-leather shoes are immaculate in their glossy blackness.

"A gardenia for your button'ole, sir," says a flower-woman's voice in his ear; and a white flower is deftly inserted in the lapel of his coat. Rather than refuse, he produces a six-pence, gives it to her with a lordly air, and crosses the road gingerly to a brilliantly-lighted music-hall.

There for some three hours he moves round and about the gay promenade, returning the flashing glances of the "circulating fair" with an equally audacious gaze.

Possibly he may take a fancy to some damsel, and ask her if she "cares for a drink," and they imbibe potations of mysterious colours at surprising prices.

Then, when the last turn is over, and the National Anthem is crashing out, Mr. Twenty-One goes home—happy. He has "had a good time."

Four years have passed, and many changes have come into his life.

Whereas, four years ago, he smoked cigarettes, he now puffs away happily at a well-seasoned briar, which his girl-friends are apt to call disreputable. Whereas, at twenty-one he was very particular about the crease in his trousers, he now cares little whether his loosely-cut tweeds—which, however, are immaculate to a cent of the faintest speck of dust—are creased or not.

He goes less often to music-halls. He has no wish to contract fortuitous feminine acquaintanceships now. There is only one little woman who interests him, nowadays, for, behold, he is engaged to be married; and he is working hard that she may be happy and comfortable as his wife.

Thirty—and he is married. He still retains the "disreputable" briar, which gladdens him intensely, when he sits back in a cosy armchair and puts on the slippers which his attentive little helpmate has been warming for him.

When within easy hailing distance of fifty, his leisure hours are spent with rod and line on the river's bank, or at the end of a punt, or else trudging over hill and dale, in pursuit of the "wee white ball."

When he reaches home, as night is closing in, he rubs his hands gleefully at the thought of the excellent dinner he is soon to enjoy.

But a tinge of sadness comes at times into his serene enjoyment of the dinner hour, for his eldest son is often absent from the family board.

He looks at the boy's faultlessly-creased trousers and brightly-polished shoes; and sometimes he sighs a little, for he realises that the curtain is rising on the old, old play again.

L. MANGUM.

OMPLETE SHORT STORY.

DUDLEY DILLON'S DESPAIR

By E. WADE LANG.

matter what the circumstances, y Dillon's manner of kindly tness was never known to fail him. He ed with courteous attention to all his land- ad to say.

rs. Poole," he said, when she appeared to finished, "you are justified. I ought to pay It is unfair to you that I should enjoy the r of your domain without some remuneration change. I will go farther and say I am s to pay you. But how often our desires d our ability to fulfil them! If you could ust another few days——"

ot a solitary one," she interrupted, with ng finality.

ut surely, Mrs. Poole, you would not have me e you guilty of such heartlessness as to turn t to-night—past ten o'clock—no money— ere to go—London, with its rapacious jaws waiting to devour me!"

kindly earnestness of this reproach would oftened a stone.

don't exactly insist on to-night," she conceded . "But *to-morrow*——"

o-morrow," echoed Dudley Dillon, "my tedness to you shall be diminished, if not rated altogether. Fourteen-and-ninepence- ny, isn't it? I shall not forget."

s. Poole sniffed and eyed the occupant of her ck room with manifest disbelief. She had felt much confidence in young men with long nd literary aspirations.

or I sha'n't forget neither," she observed, dly, turning to the door.

y the way, Mrs. Poole. On your way down, would be so good as to ask my esteemed and co-lodger, Mr. Martin, to step up here, ld be exceeding obliged."

umph! All right." She went out.

dley Dillon stretched out his legs towards l but extinguished fire, and sighed.

amn," he said lifelessly.

looked round the room—at the faded wall- at the little iron bedstead, lop-sided for the of a castor, at the curtainless window with low blind, at the naked gas-jet.

amn," he said again.

heard feet on the stairs.

ome in," he called in response to a knock. w do, Martin? Take the bed. The divans gone to the upholsterer's."

Martin was a pale young gentleman, with a collar and plastered hair. He grinned in ciation of the feeble joke, and, sitting down, his companion with a look of admiring r. Mr. Martin believed in the genius of ey Dillon, if no one else did.

Martin, old chap," said his host with kindly stness, "thank your stars that you fulfil the y occupation of a grocer's assistant instead t of a free-lance scribbler, unhonoured and g. Got a fag to spare?"

ain't all jam," replied Martin, tossing over a t of Woodbines. "I give you *my* word."

evertheless, it enables you to enjoy the com- ve sumptuousness of the top floor but one, o be free from threats of summary ejection n-payment of rent. Chuck us a match."

he old dame been at you again?" inquired gain—and this time with intention to be as s her word. To-morrow, old chap, will see d."

say!" exclaimed Martin with concern.

is true, and pity 'tis 'tis true, that is unless I d fourteen-and-ninepence-ha'penny before the hour arrives. No, no, dear boy"—he waved testing hand, though Martin had not moved could not allow my distress to be relieved u. Too often, out of the splendid generosity r heart, have you helped me, too often put shame for being so helpless to express my ude. 'Neither a borrower nor a lender be; an oft loses both itself and friend—' But now the quotation. Homeless in the streets of London I am prepared to be, and I look to meet it with fortitude—but to go away from here, having instilled such poison into the sweets of our friendship, no! that would be too heavy to bear."

Again he waved away an imaginary interjection, while Martin watched with increasing ardour of admiration.

"I remember, to my sadness, that already I owe you much. It is the difficulty of aspiring natures to be consistent to their ideals. I have been weak enough in the past to allow your ready offers of temporary assistance to over-ride my scruples, only being able, in return, to assure you of the sacredness with which I regard the obligation, and to determine—er—to determine—to pay you back some time."

"That's all right," said Martin, feeling that the peroration needed a little stimulus. "You'll have a bit o' luck one of these days."

"Luck? I ask for no luck. All I require is recognition. My work is good, Martin. You yourself have said so. It is thanks to your loyal faith in me that, in hours of despair such as this, I have kept some faith in myself."

"I always was something of a judge of literature," said Martin. "That story of yours about the poisoned hair-ribbon was real prime, *I* think."

"It came back this morning after its fourteenth unproductive peregrination. My misfortune is that I am in advance of my age. But no matter! Only remember this. When the day of my acknowledgment dawns it will be no single-handed triumph. I shall point to you and say, 'This is my friend Martin. But for him this new message would have been lost to the world. As he shared in the labour of production, so let him share the glory of reward.'"

"Ah, that wouldn't be half bad," put in Martin.

"I shall say," continued Dudley Dillon, "he has been my anchor, the anchor which prevents the good ship drifting to destruction."

"I never mind doing my little bit for a pal," observed Martin modestly.

His companion leaned towards him impressively.

"And even if I should be destined to go to pieces on the rocks at last, you at least will know that you supported me in my long and bitter fight."

He paused, as though waiting for contradiction of the possible calamity.

Martin, looking troubled, slowly slid a hand in his pocket.

"If two bob will be any good to you——" he said.

Dudley Dillon shook his head.

"You misunderstand," he answered, with kindly earnestness. "I am dwelling on the value of your encouragement, apart from the sordid considerations of lucre. I do not deny that both have been acceptable. But no, two bob would be useless."

Martin fingered the coins in his pocket, his face indicative of mental calculation.

"I might manage three bob," he said at last.

"It would take ten to tide me over."

Martin sighed—either with regret or relief—and withdrew his hand.

"Is three really all you've got?" asked Dillon, anxiously.

"You know I never have much left after Mondays," apologised Martin.

"I know, old chap—just as I know you would force me to take the half-sovereign if you had it. Don't let us talk about it. On this, our last evening—perhaps our last conversation on earth—we will not mar it with——"

"Here, you're not thinking of committing suicide, are you?" interrupted Martin.

"It is a sorry finale to exalted ambitions. But what else is there to do?"

"But the thirty-five bob you owe me! How am I going to get that back if you put an end to yourself?"

Dudley Dillon ran his hand through his hair and pondered.

"That is certainly a difficulty," he confessed. "I might leave you some of my manuscripts."

"If you can't sell 'em I'm sure I can't."

"But I could sell them—if only I had time. Therein lies the bitterness. To own the wherewithal to fame and fortune, and to be starving and penniless in a garret! And yet after all, I would not have it otherwise. Did you ever know a genius who didn't starve in a garret? Did you ever hear of one without some friend to stand by him, the friend who walked in darkness and saw a great light?"

"Dunno that I ever did," agreed Martin. "But your light's giving out, from the look of it," he added, with a glance at the gas.

"Then shove a penny in the slot," said Dudley Dillon, "there's a good fellow. You'll find the meter on the landing outside."

When Martin returned he found his friend with his face hidden in his hands.

"Here, I say, cheer up," he said.

Dillon raised his head quickly.

"A momentary surrender to emotion, that is all," he said. "I am sorry you witnessed it. Go now, I ought not to have detained you so long. To-morrow . . . ."

"You know, I absolutely haven't *got* half-a-quid," he said, plaintively.

Dillon got up and squeezed his arm with sudden affection.

"You've got a heart of gold," he said. "But never mind about me, I'm not worth it. Leave me to go through my struggle alone."

"Not I," said Martin, stoutly. "You're going to do something desperate, I can see it in your face."

Dillon turned away.

"No, I'm not," he muttered.

"Don't tell me! I'm pretty cute when I like. You've got that fool's idea in your head. Ain't I right? *Ain't I?*"

Dillon nodded to the wall.

"Oh, lord, can't something be done?" Martin pulled out all his money, counting it hurriedly. "Four bob; that'll stave her off, won't it?"

Dillon shook his head.

"It must. You must make her. Come now, don't knuckle under. Things'll brighten up presently. Here, take it. I shall manage all right. I can raise a bit at the shop to-morrow."

Reluctantly Dillon allowed him to push the money into his hand.

"So much for that," said Martin, satisfied.

"I shall never forget your kindness," he said. Never!"

Then, when the other had gone, he gazed long at the coins.

And he smiled.

RICH LABOUR M.P.'s

SOME FACTS OF INTEREST TO THEIR SUPPORTERS.

Among the Labour Members of Parliament there are men who are liked, respected, and admired wherever they are known.

They are liked for their humanity, modesty, innate good-breeding, and tolerance; respected for their sturdy independence and unswerving honesty and sincerity of purpose; admired for their wide intellectual grasp and statesman-like outlook.

They belong mainly to the older school of Labour M.P.'s, the school of Henry Broadhurst, Thomas Burt, Charles Fenwick, and John Wilson, of Mid-Durham, though one does not deny that among the newer Labourites there are men fit in every way to rank with those already named.

But there are others, and many a present-day Labour M.P. is neither likeable nor admirable. In his personal characteristics he is often extremely ill-mannered. Not, I hasten to explain, because he is a man of humble origin. Good manners are not the prerogative of any particular class; they are as likely to be found in the crofter's cottage as in the countess's boudoir.

GENTLEMEN AND GENTS.

The Labour M.P.'s manners are bad, because they are artificial; he apes the gentleman, but is merely the "gent."

His manners are more directly offensive, inasmuch as he is often extremely arrogant and patronising to those who want anything from him.

He likes to "show off," and when he does oblige you he takes very good care to make you feel the obligation. He has many of the worst characteristics of a spoilt and precocious child. He cannot bear to be thwarted, and because he has read a great many books, without having digested one of them, he assumes intolerable airs of mental superiority.

He is not only intolerable, but intolerant to a degree. His side of a question is the only one that matters.

He resents any outside interference with labour problems. In that he is not altogether unreasonable, though he is when he seeks, as he often does, to dictate to an employer how he shall conduct his business, and to deny him any voice in the management of his own affairs.

LABOUR EXPERTS.

But though it is "hands off" any labour question, the Labour M.P. considers himself entitled and competent to interfere in matters of State of which he knows nothing.

He is quite ready to settle all Indian problems off-hand, even without having had the advantage of a six-weeks' sojourn in that country. There is no subject under the sun on which he is not prepared to give an "authoritative" opinion.

Is that an exaggeration? Well, let me give you an example. Some time ago there was a debate on an Army matter. It was a grave question, but one which did not in any way affect the interests of labour. It was one of those occasions when a serious military problem, calling for highest expert advice, is unfortunately made the sport of party politicians.

Always unhappy when out of the limelight, the Labourites had to intervene, and they had their own "military expert" ready.

His claim to the position rested on the fact that at one period of his career he had been employed for a few weeks as a (civilian) navvy on a military railway in the Soudan!

Amazing as was the impudence of this individual in presuming to speak on a purely military question, what was still more amazing was the fact that quite a number of people gravely accepted him as a military authority.

Another member of the Labour party, who was once a steward on a pleasure-steamer, is usually "put up" to speak on naval matters, and to lay down the law on our naval policy and requirements.

THE RESULT OF BOOK-LEARNING.

However, these faults of arrogance, intolerance, and over-weening conceit, are perhaps inevitable in men who have been over-educated (in the sense that they set undue store by book-learning), who have seen practically nothing of the world or life, who lacking the saving ballast of a sense of humour find themselves elevated into the position of "little tin gods on wheels."

I should not for a moment wish it to be thought that I have any political prejudice against Labour M.P.'s, for I believe that it is well for the working-classes to be represented by men of their own rank in society. At the same time, I think that they should be a little more careful to select men who are genuinely entitled to be called working-men.

I will admit that most of the Labour M.P.'s have been genuine working-men, but with some of them at least their claim to be considered working-men rests on the slender foundation that they once worked in mill, factory, or mine as "half-timers," and have been working their tongues full-time and over-time ever since.

THE MATTER OF MONEY.

In short, the paid agitator of the worst type is not absent from the ranks of the Labour party.

Now in regard to the salaries of the Labour M.P.'s. I do not say they are over-paid, though from £200 to £300 a year, plus travelling expenses, is pretty good pay, for at his trade he would be hard put to it to make £3 a week.

However, if the British working-man likes to pay his representatives a very comfortable salary, that is his affair; but presumably he expects them to devote their whole time to his interests, and that is just what many of them do not do.

Many of the Labour M.P.'s are journalists—or, rather, by way of being journalists. I am not alluding to Labour men who are journalists by profession, or to Labour men who confine themselves to writing in labour organs on purely labour matters.

I mean the numerous Labour M.P.'s who exploit themselves and their position by contributing to the general Press on topics in no way advance the interests of Lab

These men would not earn a penny nalists but for the M.P. after their and in many cases they simply affi names to articles that have been writ them by regular journalists.

Largely, of course, the fault lies w weekly papers of the "snippety" cla the conductors of them have an idea article signed by a celebrity, howeve will be acceptable to the public. Our M.P.'s should be above this sort of th

I call these men blacklegs becaus compete unfairly with regular journalis lecturers, and I call them humbugs and to the working-men whose hard-won pay their salaries, because instead of de their whole time to their official dutie spend much of it in earning outside mon themselves.

DAVID COO

TRAINING FOR THE CH PIONSHIP.

INCH DESCRIBES HIS PREPARATION THE COMING CONTEST.

I know from letters received from rea THE MODERN MAN that the article appeared some time ago in connection w question of "Britain's Strongest Man" a much interest. I have been asked many times I train," and as I am now in strict training nection with the tournament which the p culture weekly "Health and Strength" ha moted I am in a position to review my daily without fear of error.

In the first place, my idea is to conserve Most people will expect me to endeavour to muscle, forgetful of the fact that I have acquired as much muscle as I can possibly Muscle is, of course, only useful as far as it energised. To develop energy I am, of careful to partake daily of a plain but nour diet and this includes those articles of food experience has taught me suit me best.

Don't forget the time-worn adage "what man's meat is another's poison." I beli brown bread rather than white, plenty of vege and fruit, milk, oatmeal porridge, and an partial to chicken and chicken broth. I kinds of meat and drink a pint of beer eac avoiding spirits and wine. Before exercis the morning I take a little Bovril and mi one or two biscuits, as I have found it injur exercise on an empty stomach.

My weight-lifting practices are limited per week, but each day I go through the di positions with light or dummy weights. I short brisk walk each day, and am a firm be in cycle-riding, which always helps me to keep fit.

I take a cold bath each day, followed by down with a rough towel. To my bath I ad or two tablespoonfuls of mustard.

I find that, as in training I spend a lot of in the open air and am of course working all day, I need an extra allowance of sleep. great thing is to understand oneself, and it boast that no trainer could train or understan as well as I do myself.

One great feature of my training is the v of it. I try to kill monotony, and my sc includes skipping, walking, cycling, ball-punc jumping, motoring, weight-lifting, running quite a variety of light work, such as chec pander, and dumb-bells. Of course I do n through all or many of the above in one da obey no set rule, but work as I feel inclined if I think a rest would do me good I t off for a few days entirely, and invariably to the training all the better and keener for the

I hope that readers will cull one or two from the foregoing, and that my friends peruse the physical culture pages of MODERN MAN will turn up at the German nasium in June to see me make a bold bid f title it has been my ambition to gain since th of twelve.

THOMAS IN

GYMKHANA FUN

AMUSING COMPETITIONS FOR A CLUB'S "SHOW DAY."

Originally an Anglo-Indian institution, the gymkhana has become exceedingly popular in this country. The term, by the way, means literally a meeting-place for sports. In India a house, a club, an athletic-ground, almost any sort of place is called a khana; the Anglo-Indian called the place where he played games a "game-khana," which the Hindu modified into gymkhana, just as champagne to the Hindu is "simkin."

A gymkhana in India is, properly, a series of games or sports on horseback, and the first requisites for an Anglo-Indian gymkhana are a number of frisky ponies, an equal number of horsemen who are not particular about breaking their necks, and plenty of pretty ladies—partly to take part in the fun, partly to encourage the horsemen by their presence.

An Anglo-Indian gymkhana usually includes a pony scurry (short race) or two, and is partly a racing, partly a games' meeting.

In England the price of good ponies makes the real gymkhana the pastime of the well-to-do, but bicycle gymkhanas are exceedingly popular all over the country, and in most of the events I am going to describe the bicycle can be substituted for the pony.

THE ART OF TENT-PEGGING.

Gymkhana events may be divided into those designed to test the skill, nerve, and horsemanship or "cyclist-ship" of the competitor, and those meant mainly to provide fun and laughter.

Among the former tent-pegging has a high place. A stout peg is driven into the ground in a slanting direction, six inches to a foot being left projecting. The competitor, armed with lance or spear, gallops past the peg endeavouring to transfix it. To gain full points he must not only transfix the peg, but root it from the ground and retain it on the point of his spear.

Of course, in real tent-pegging horses are used, but the average rider will find tent-pegging from a pony quite difficult enough.

The novice usually aims too high, and the best plan is to aim at the bottom of the peg, or even slightly in advance of it. I have never tried tent-pegging from a bicycle, but should imagine it would be quite possible for a skilful rider.

THE TURK'S HEAD.

Then there is the Turk's head, or lemon-cutting. The competitor gallops down between a line of posts on which are placed mock-heads, lemons, or other objects. These he has to cut in two with the sword with which he is armed, taking some fore-hand, some back-hand. This can certainly be adapted to bicycles, and so, too, can the potato and bucket event.

In this the competitor gallops down a line of small buckets, having previously been supplied with an equal number of potatoes, and his object is to drop a potato into each bucket as he flies past it. It takes some doing, and the secret is to wait until you are almost past the bucket and then to throw the potato backwards into it. When bicycles are used, the buckets should be quite small, and speed should be insisted upon.

The "bending-race" is a fine test of horsemanship. Here the competitor, moving at a smart canter, has to bend in and out of a zig-zag line of posts without touching any one of them. When bicycles are used, small blocks of wood are usually substituted for the posts.

The secret of successful "bending" is to maintain an even pace, and to trust mainly to your pony.

In the "trick-and-tie" race competitors start in couples, one riding, the other holding on to his stirrup-leather and running. They race to a post some fifty yards away, where they change places, the runner mounting, the rider dismounting, and then they race back to the winning-post.

Ability to mount and dismount quickly makes for success in this race, but it is rather a dangerous event, for if the man who is riding loses his head and goes too fast, you are liable to be dragged off your feet and perhaps badly kicked.

The V.C. race is well-known. The competitors ride a short distance, jump a fence or hurdle, pick up a dummy-man lying on the other side, re-mount with the dummy, jump the fence again and race to the winning-post.

LADIES ALSO.

"Aunt Sally" brings in the ladies. The competitors start in mixed couples and race to a mark. There the gentleman assists his partner to dismount. She then advances to a small heap of sticks or stones, one for each lady, in front of which is a target of an Aunt Sally with a pipe in her mouth, or of several bottles arranged in a row.

In the former case, each lady has to break her particular Aunt Sally's pipe; in the latter case, each bottle in her row. As soon as she has done so, her partner assists her to re-mount, and they gallop back to the winning-post, the first couple to arrive, of course, winning.

"Threading the needle" is good fun. The competitors are again in mixed couples, but here the ladies sit or stand in a row, their partners being stationed on horseback (or bicycles) some fifty yards away. The gentlemen ride up to the ladies, dismount, and each gives to his partner a needle to thread. As soon as she has threaded it he remounts and makes for the winning-post as hard as he can.

Alternatively, the gentlemen wait in a row, the ladies ride up to them and give them needles to thread—a method which usually proves the more amusing of the two.

A FOOT EVENT.

The potato race is a foot event. Potatoes or stones are laid out in long rows—one row for each competitor—and the competitor has to pick them up one at a time, depositing each in a bucket at the end of his line.

He may take them in any order he likes, but the best plan is to begin with the nearest potato, which you can usually grab, and return to the bucket in one motion, and then to make for the farthest potato and take them in rotation from the far end.

A potato race is a severe test of wind, and if you leave the far potatoes to the last, you are pretty sure to lose from exhaustion.

The tilting-race is prime fun. A board with a hole in the centre is suspended from a cross-bar, above which is rigged a bucketful of water.

The competitor, armed with a pole, sits in a wheelbarrow, which is wheeled at a smart trot by his partner—at a bicycle gymkhana he simply rides his "bike." His object is to thrust his pole through the hole in the board, and if he does so all is well, and he scores a point.

The contrivance is so arranged, however, that if he misses the hole and hits the board, the bucket instantly overturns upon him, and he retires a wetter, if not a wiser, man.

HUMOUR IN THE ANIMAL RACE.

No gymkhana would be complete without an animal race, for which any kind of animal, bar horses and dogs, may be entered.

The owner or "jockey" of each animal is allowed to accompany his charge in the race, and he may use any means in his power short of dragging it or picking it up, to induce it to make for the post. Birds may be entered, but they must run or walk, and not fly, and the competitors are generally harnessed with string.

The fun is fast and furious when you have such animals as a pig, a goat, a duck, a tom-cat, a ferret, and a raven engaged, for when they are not trying to go for each other, they are usually trying to go for their masters.

ALFRED M. COATES.

CLEAN-SHAVEN PROFESSIONS.

Go where you will in the Law Courts and look for a barrister with a beard. You will experience one of the most wearisome searches you ever undertook.

But why is it that shaven mouths and chins appear to be a point of unwritten law in the legal profession? The generally accepted reason is that the incisive and grim effect of the clear-cut face is more awe-inspiring to the unfortunate witness under cross-examination; but then, at the same time, is not the bristling martial moustache of the martinet colonel singularly terrible too? But be the reason what it may, the Bar is distinctly one of the "clean-shaven professions."

Again, who, of the present generation, ever saw a jockey with a moustache or beard? So closely is clean-shaving associated with the Turf, that a man has only to be short, possess a sharp nose, and be devoid of hair on his face, to be credited by amateur Sherlocks with some connection with a racing stable. Such a man has only to murmur "I know a good thing," for all ears to prick up instinctively.

In the Navy there is marked disinclination on the part of officers to grow beards or moustaches; and in a lesser degree the Church may be classed among the clean-shaven professions. There is an ascetic, clean-living appearance about a shaven face which it is to the advantage of the cleric to foster.

Lastly the stage is, of course, in the case of men, almost universally given over to shaving. A beard is naturally fatal to effective make-up, and a moustache is very much in the way.

But the latter is sometimes seen on a shining-light of the theatrical profession; two notable instances of this being Mr. Charles Hawtrey and Mr. Sam Sothern.

A SWIMMING-BATH HINT.

By now the swimming-bath season is in full swing again; and it will not be unseasonable to remind swimmers of a dangerous practice to which some of them may be addicted. Never go down the "chute" head first, however eloquently thoughtless friends may persuade you to. Doctors name this as the principal cause of the splitting headache that so frequently follows a visit to the swimming-bath. And always inspect the "chute" before venturing on it at all, for if there are splinters on it serious injury may result.

This precaution is a very necessary one, as some swimmers have learned to their cost.

MAKING A MAN OF TOMMY

PHYSICAL DRILL IN THE ARMY.

Wonderful, indeed, is the transformation which the first few months of Army life effect in the raw recruit, or "rookie," as Private Stanley Ortheris would call them.

While a fair number of recruits are sturdy rustics, the majority nowadays are weedy, undeveloped town-bred youths—boys, indeed, some of them. Some of them fail to reach the by no means exacting physical standard required, and have been passed as "specials" in the hope that their training will bring them up to the mark, as it usually does, and even the best of them are poor physical specimens, round-shouldered, narrow-chested, with pipestem-like arms and legs.

But see these same wasters a few months later and you would be amazed at their physical improvement. They have still to "set" as grown men, but they are now well-set-up, hollow-backed youngsters; they can throw a chest, and if you felt their arms or legs you would find a very fair amount of good elastic muscle, and their skins and eyes are clear.

FOR MIND AND BODY.

Nor is the improvement confined to physique alone. The hangdog, sullen, shrinking, or furtive air so many of them had when they joined has given way to a straightforward, self-reliant, intelligent glance. They look not only physically but mentally active.

What has wrought this transformation? Good and regular food, of course, for one thing, drill and discipline for another, but above all the excellent system of physical culture which now prevails in the Army, and of which perhaps not very much is known to the general public.

When the military authorities first perceived the value and necessity of physical training for soldiers they rather avoided the thing. Physical culture in those days too often meant monotonous and exhausting exercises, which did far more harm than good, and recruits were subjected to a strain far too severe for their immature frames.

Wiser methods prevail nowadays; recruits undergoing training are regularly examined throughout the course by medical officers, while the course itself is arranged on the wise principle of "hastening slowly."

SIXTY DAYS' EXERCISE.

Every officer and man joining a regiment is put through a "recruit's course," which is precisely the same for both officers and men. The course lasts eighty-four days, but as this includes Saturdays and Sundays, which are holidays, at least from training, the actual course is sixty days long, four hours a day being the limit.

The course includes drill, rifle exercises, skirmishing and musketry, but here I am only concerned with the purely physical culture part of it.

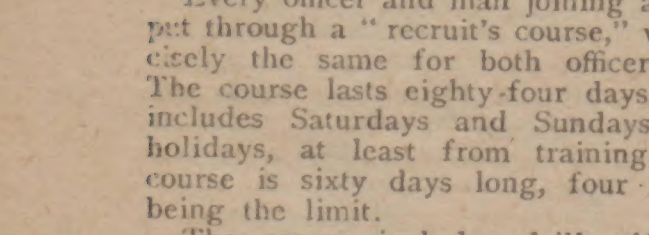
The recruit begins with "Physical Drill Without Arms," performing such exercises as hopping, running, quick-marching, bending and stretching, and deep breathing.

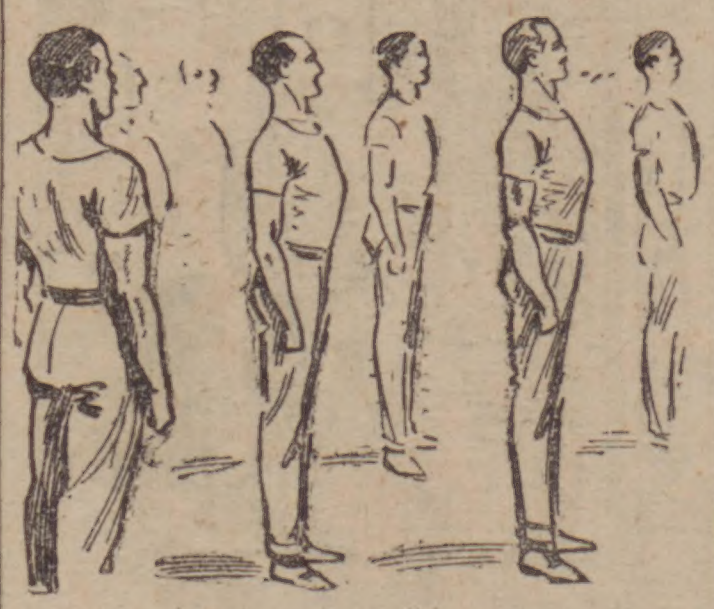
Then he takes his rifle, and uses it as a bar-bell in a variety of exercises. This is an excellent method, for it familiarises him with his weapon, and makes him smart in handling it at the regular rifle exercises, presenting arms, and so on.

RIFLES AS DUMB-BELLS.

Next he is given two rifles which he uses as dumb-bells, one in each hand.

An important part of the course is bayonet-fighting, in which the recruit has twelve lessons of an hour each. This is wisely kept for the last fortnight of the course, for bayonet-fighting is severe work. Even the recruit who can "toy" with a rifle by itself will find that





the addition of the bayonet makes a lot of difference, especially when trying the "throw point" when the rifle is shot out to the full extent of the right arm.

Bayonet-fighting, however, is interesting, especially during the last lessons, when the recruits, using spring bayonets, and wearing well-padded jackets and masks, are allowed to go for each other hammer-and-tongs, or, perhaps I should say, "bayonets and bob-stays."

Then there is "physical training with apparatus"—in other words, gymnasium.

Here the recruit goes through a regular "gym" course, beginning with parallel bars, and going on to vaulting-the-horse, rope-climbing, dumb-bells, horizontal bar, jumping, and bridge-ladder.

NO TIME FOR BOXING.

So far as I know, boxing is not taught regularly, which seems a pity, though I suppose time could not be spared for the necessary individual instruction.

Still, boxing-gloves are usually to be found in the gym, and the instructors are generally willing out of hours to "accommodate" pugilistic recruits, or to encourage them to tap each other's claret in a friendly way.

In the gym, the recruit who is "built that way" often lays the foundations of a pleasant and well-paid career in the Army as a "gym instructor," though before he can achieve that distinction he must go through a special course at Aldershot or some other great military centre.

This concludes the recruit's physical [illegible] gramme; but, as I have said, his mental [illegible] is also awakened and improved during course. With his growing physical fitness intelligence naturally improves, but it is rectly appealed to by a series of lectu

LEAVING THE COLOURS.

Some of these deal with technical [illegible] jects, but he is also chatted to on [illegible] miscellaneous topics as the history of regiment and the solemn duty of preserv its good name at all costs, care of the when marching, clean linen and simple giene, while it is specially impressed the recruit that his prospects of obtaining employment in after-life depend entirely his behaviour in the Army, and that if aspires to police or post-office employm when he leaves the colours, he must have special certificate of sobriety.

When the recruit joins his battalion leaving the depôt he goes through a furt course of physical and technical training, that it is six months from the time he jo before he can put the recruit behind him plume himself on being a "real soldier."

The point, however, is that, thanks to excellent system of training, three months enough to transform the weedy, shambl youth into a well-set-up, muscular, and ac young man.

CHINSTRAP.

GETTING AWAY.

A department of boxing which is very [illegible] regarded outside expert circles is the art "getting away" quickly.

A good instructor will tell you that to get a quickly and effectively is just as important learn as any hit that is known to the art. In few instructors will teach you a hit at all you can get away properly.

As most of us know, the movements of lead, when analysed, as it were, are three—sh step forward, bring up the right foot, then another step forward. Well, here is a good direction perfecting your agility and neatness in "getting away."

Go through the leading movements as above order; then reverse them, thus—short step b with right foot, bring up left, then another sh step back. Keep on at it, leading and getting back, day after day, until the movements become as familiar and as easy to you as the steps of a dance.

Then you will be able to get away well; you will be well grounded for instruction in other departments of the fistic art. And preliminary practice will enable you to make the better use of them.

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

By filling up and posting the form printed below you will gain over ten thousand potential friends who are scattered throughout the length and breadth of Britain, all of them first-rate sportsmen.

The badge gives you the privilege of speaking to other members without the formality of an introduction, for you are both friends of ours.

These are the badges we supply, with their respective prices: Gold-plated tie-pin or safety-pin, 6d.; gold-plated lapel or cap badge, 6d.; gold-plated pendant for watch-chain, 6d.; solid silver tie-pin or safety-pin, 1s.; solid silver lapel or cap badge, 1s.; solid silver pendant for watch-chain, 1s.; 9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 6s.; 18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 12s.

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

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Please enrol me as a Member of THE MODERN MAN League, and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

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Address.....

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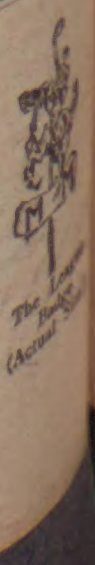


COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

The Luck of Blacksmith Taddy

By ADAM STERN.

"Ah! she's comin' at last."

Blacksmith Taddy, standing in the doorway of his smithy, sighed with satisfaction as he saw the governess-cart approaching.

"Good morning, Taddy," called a clear treble voice.

"Mornin', miss." Taddy nodded unconcernedly.

"Stop!" The imperious demand was to the coachman, the only other occupant of the cart. "I want to get out and speak to Taddy."

She descended and came up, a little girl with brown, curly hair under a sailor's cap.

"He's the new coachman," she said contemptuously. "He doesn't know that I *always* stop to talk to you. How are you this morning, Taddy?"

"Nicely, miss, thank ye."

"I'm going into the village to see your mother. I've got"—confidentially—"something *nice* for her. You see!"

She ran back and returned with a basket, whose contents were covered by a clean napkin. She lifted a corner and permitted him to peep.

"My!" he said.

"They'll do her good, won't they?"

Taddy's mother was bed-ridden with gout, and his only child of Major Mackay, who lived at The Mount, a couple of miles along the road, periodically visited her with presents of palatable if unsuitable dainties.

"It's rare kind of ye, Miss Winifred," said Taddy, with a shine in his eyes.

"They're not for you, mind! You're strong, and can eat anything."

"I'll remember," said Taddy.

"Let me see. Is there anything else?" She frowned to reflect. "The *legs* of the chicken you might have, if you're specially good, Taddy," she conceded. "I think that's all. I'll wave to you on the way back."

Still she lingered, and a faint smile softened Taddy's rugged features.

"Maybe there is somethin' else," he said deliberately. "What about wishin' ye many happy returns of the day?"

"Oh, then you did remember!" She gave a little jump of glee. "I wasn't going to tell you if you hadn't."

"Remember!" Taddy turned away abruptly, and entered the smithy.

He emerged with a paper parcel, and offered it with some awkwardness.

She put down the basket, and took it and felt it all over, watching him thoughtfully the while.

"Mustn't I open it?" she asked.

"Not till ye get home."

"I know what it is, all the same. It's a dolly—to make twins with the one you gave me last year."

"Have ye still got that one?" asked Taddy slowly.

"Of course I have. It's my favourite." She bent to pick up the basket. "I shall always keep it—*and* this one . . . because of you, Taddy."

Taddy made no reply. He watched her till she was seated in the governess-cart again. He nodded unconcernedly when she waved. He watched her, without moving a muscle, till she was out of sight.

* * * * * *

A few mornings later, hammering away at a white-hot horseshoe on the anvil, the sparks spraying in all directions, he looked round, to see her gravely watching him.

"Mornin'" he said, straightening up.

"I've walked by myself to tell you something," she said. "I'm going away."

Taddy regarded her in fixed silence for a moment or two, then he laid down his hammer and wiped his brow with the back of his hand.

"Where to?" he said.

"I'm going away to school. In France. I'm twelve now, you know; and mother says it's quite time I began to be *properly* brought up. I suppose it is . . . ."

She blinked and looked away.

"I don't want to go very much," she said. "Do you want me to, Taddy?"

"No," he said.

"I shall be home twice a year for holidays," she added, hopefully; "Christmas and midsummer. I shall always come to see you *first*, Taddy."

"It was bound to come sooner or later," said Taddy, slowly taking up his hammer again.

"Mother says I'm a perfect Arab," confessed the child. "I suppose I am . . . . Anyway, it'll improve me."

"It won't do that," said Taddy.

"Whatever will your mother do? I know she's awfully fond of me. She calls me her little ray of sunshine . . . . You must take special care of her while I'm away, Taddy."

Taddy nodded.

"You'll miss me, too, sha'n't you?"

Taddy nodded again, his sinewy hands tightened over the haft of the hammer.

"It won't be so bad if you do. I've got so used to you, you seem to belong to me, somehow—like Nipper and Bob and——" She enumerated all her pets.

"Do I?" said Taddy.

"Oh, dear, I wish time would just stop, so that I should never have to grow up. How old are you, Taddy?"

"Thirty-two, Miss Winifred."

"What an awful lot!"

"It doesn't seem so when you come to it."

"I suppose I shall be thirty-two some day."

"Ye'll be married before then—married to some fine, handsome, rich gentleman, who'll take ye away, and keep ye all to himself, and——"

"That's ridiculous, Taddy," she interrupted. "I shall never let anybody take me away from you for *ever*."

"Ye will some day," said Taddy, with a gesture of almost mighty despair.

"I won't," she said, emphatically.

"Would ye promise?"

The child looked gravely at him. Perhaps, even at that immature age, she dimly understood.

"I promise," she said.

Taddy flung his hammer on to a heap of nails as though flinging his emotion with it.

"When do ye go?" he asked, cheerfully.

"Not for over a week yet. But, of *course*, I shall come to see you to say good-bye—*and* your mother. P'r'aps I'll be able to come *twice* before I go."

"Ye'll always find me here," said Taddy, simply.

* * * * * * *

The day of her departure arrived. The carriage containing her luggage and herself, as well as her father and mother, who were accompanying her on the journey, stopped outside the smithy on the way to the station.

The child got down. Her eyes were bright with excitement, and, running up to Taddy, she seized him by the hands and dragged him inside, out of sight of the father smiling indulgently through the carriage window.

"Good-bye," she said.

"Good-bye," said Taddy.

"Stoop down. I can't reach you."

She put her arms round his neck and kissed him.

"You've dirtied your face," said Taddy, whose lips had paled.

"I don't care."

She smiled up at him with a shaky mouth.

"Here," said Taddy, thrusting his hand inside his apron and giving her a small bunch of lilies.

"Oh, *dear!*" she said in dismay. "I forgot all about giving you a keepsake."

She darted her eyes about, seeking inspiration. Suddenly she dragged the bow of pale-blue ribbon from her hair, kissed it, and gave it to him.

"That's for luck," she said.

Taddy nodded, and put it in his pocket.

"Oh, Taddy!" she said, with a catch in her voice.

With an abrupt movement he turned her round by the shoulder, and half led, half pushed her to the door.

"Good-bye," her clear treble-voice called from the window as she waved and waved. "Good-bye, Taddy. Don't forget me. Mind you take *special* care of your mother while I'm away. Good-bye. Good-bye."

Taddy could not see her for the mist before his eyes.

* * * * * * *

"Ye'll always find me here," Taddy had said.

And she always did.

But though there was no change in him and his ordinary course of life, there was change, inevitable change, in her as the years went by.

Their old sympathy dwindled to vanishing point.

Often she stopped to talk to him, as in the old days, but it was a different Miss Winifred, verging from girlhood and womanhood, that period perilous to early affections, rather distant in manner, and battling with a tendency to condescension.

Taddy's mother was dead, but he continued to live in the same cottage, a bachelor, and seemingly content.

She asked him laughingly one day why he did not marry, reminding him that if he did not make haste it would be too late. And Taddy kept his secret locked in his breast.

In her twenty-first year, during her second London season, she became engaged to be married. Taddy heard about it from her own lips—and gladdened at the symptom of returned intimacy.

"He will be visiting us soon," she said. "You shall tell me what you think of him."

"Is he young?" asked Taddy.

"Yes."

"Fine and handsome?"

"Goodness, no! I hate handsome men. He's as plain as—you—Taddy."

"Ye'll be livin' in London, I expect," said Taddy, after a pause.

"We shall have to, part of the time. He's in Parliament, you know. But, Taddy——" She gazed gravely at his set face, understanding. "I've made him promise to find a house near here for other times. Did you think I should forget——"

"Your promise, ye mean?"

"Yes—and the twin dolls—and the bunch of lilies, and—where's the blue ribbon I gave you?"

Taddy felt in his waistcoat pocket, and brought out a folded and much-soiled envelope. In silence he held it open, and showed her the contents.

"Oh, Taddy!" she cried, all quivering with pity. "I was better to you then."

"Ye kissed it for luck," said Taddy, with strange, quiet pride. And he put it back in his pocket.

She watched him, her face tingling hot.

"Has it brought *bad* luck?" she pleaded.

"Bad luck! When ye remembered your promise, and will be livin' hereabouts for the rest of your days?"

Taddy shook his head vigorously.

"You are—*sweet*, Taddy," she said.

THE CYCLIST AND THE SEASONS.

HOW THEY AFFECT HIM.

There is a special fascination in the present month for the cyclist who lives and works in town, and whose rides out into the country are few and far between.

In addition to the ordinary pleasures of the wheel, there is the added pleasure of extraordinary and sudden change in the surroundings in which he takes his pleasure from week to week.

Living where the changes of the seasons cannot make any great difference to his surroundings, he misses one of the great pleasures of the opening year. He does not have any opportunity of watching the gradual process by which the open country is transformed.

All he knows in his city office is that there is a stronger power in the sun's rays, and that within him he has promptings and feelings that suggest that he ought to be out and enjoying himself.

Then one day he takes a long ride. The country roads have lost some of their permanent winter mud. They are almost dusty in places, where the winds catch them on hill summits and where there are no over-hanging trees to drip moisture upon them, and to prevent the drier air from doing its work.

But still, there are few changes. No leaves have yet appeared. The hedges are skimpy and transparent, and the grass has that grey-brown drab appearance that it always wears from November to April. There is even a keen wind; and when the evening closes quickly round him, and the clear air grows cold, his thoughts turn to a warm fireside and a steaming tea-kettle, rather than to a lingering sojourn on a roadside stile and a draught of ale at a pub.

Then for a month he stays in town, giving few thoughts to the road, until a more than usually fine week-end tempts him out again to try his luck. During his month in town there have been miracles in the highways and hedges. He has missed them, and missed the pleasure of watching the gradual opening of leaf and flower.

But the new land that bursts upon him in all its new green dress goes a long way to compensate him for whatever he has missed. Indeed, he half prefers to wait until Nature's winter scene is shifted and the spring scene set, so that he may enjoy thoroughly the contrast.

Had he spent his days out in the lanes the change would have crept over the land so gradually as to have escaped his notice, but now, having in his mind's eye the bleak bareness of the aspect during his last ride, he revels in the new dress.

And I am inclined to think that unless a man can follow accurately and minutely the various changes in the landscape during every week of the year, he will gain more real pleasure by plunging into the midst of spring in this way, and so being able to enjoy the contrast. In Nature's seasons there are few sharp contrasts. One season glides into another by steps so silent and gradual that it is hard to say where one begins and the other ends.

It is the same in autumn. Try and remember when the trees begin to shed their leaves. You cannot do it. Only when the wind whistles through stripped branches do you suddenly realise that the glory of summer has gone.

All of which suggests that it is well to get the most out of every moment of life, for to look back is futile, to look forward is pleasant but misleading. Seasons come and go, whether we watch them or not, and it is our own fault if they pass without yielding us a fill of pleasure.

C. F. CORY.

A Voyage of Explorati

THE DELIGHTS OF A RAMBLE OVER FRESH GROUND.

We had gone down to prospect over the district, searching for a summer habitation, and, as usual on such expeditions, our spirits were high, and we were ready to make a day of it, and to enjoy ourselves. The train took us to within four miles of the spot we had chosen, and we got out into the quiet lanes and spent some minutes contrasting the delicious quiet, the fragrant country, and the leisured pace of life with the hurry we had left only thirty-five miles behind.

Neither of us knew the district more than vaguely, as districts may be known from an indifferent map, so we were doubly charmed with everything.

THE STRANGE LAND.

Picking out the way always has a fascination for the walker, and we were both good walkers. Before the day was out we had to call up all our reserves, for this day's prospecting led us on to one of the longest walks we had done together.

The road led through a wooded district, rising up before us to a height of many hundreds of feet, and as we mounted each hill, our curiosity as to the next stretch of country to be revealed grew keener.

The walker in a strange district has many pleasures, and not the least is that of anticipating that every turn of the road will reveal something definite. The miles pass, and nothing happens beyond a constant change of scenery.

But at last in the distance a spire—a little country spire—appears among the larches on one side of the road. Then a clock, in some stable turret, chimes out an hour later than one had expected, and we know that the village cannot be far away.

LUNCH AT THE INN.

And so it was with us. We drew up in the centre of the village, feeling like some great express at an important junction, for all the village was agog with the excitement of two strangers. We were told that at the "Red Lion" they "cooked on Saturday," so we were in luck. The cooking consisted of a fat country joint of pork, and we appeared on the scene when the carving had gone just far enough into the joint to reach the most tasty and tender cuts.

Two bottles of the best ale the house could produce were very good indeed. The very name of the brewery had a country sound about it that suggested unsophisticated, unadulterated brewing.

And so, refreshed, we marched out of the house, having paid our reckoning, and struck out again to spy out the land. The only train back to the town and home left in forty minutes, but in that forty minutes we det to do as much as possible.

Leaving the road at the first oppo we found ourselves in a maze of lane tered by woods on every side; and eve and then, from some more deeply spot, came the delicious splash o streams.

THE LAST TRAIN.

It was in the middle of a steep des one of these valleys, in search of a on the far side of a wood, that the wh a train suddenly recalled to us the f forty minutes had gone by, and our home now depended upon our ability our way about eleven miles across co a main-line station where we knew would come sooner or later.

We were both secretly pleased that hopeless to catch our train; and now chance was gone we fell to the furt joyment of our day out. For many h walked, scrambled, jumped or climb hedges in our path, lolled on the gat generally revelled in the freedom and of a woody countryside.

SUNSET.

The sun dropped into a bare wood we realised that it was high time we a road that showed some indication o ing somewhere. Which way to tu hardly knew; but after heroic plodd and on, enjoying ourselves immense struck a lane and followed it until it what seemed like a main road.

Which way should we go? Have yo found yourself in this position? Judg well as we could, without map or co and making the setting-sun our gui struck out.

The hard high road seemed to be in able, and a tremendous appetite for t come on us, and we were beginning the effects of much rambling. Dusk h tled over the land, the fields grew gre fell back into darkness and obscurity. on we tramped, hoping to strike our or, at least, some other town, when could entrain for home.

For two hours we tramped, with no company but the woods on either side. and again we were overtaken by a h motor-car, whose pace seemed to sugge it was far beyond reach of speed-limi police-traps.

NOISES OF THE NIGHT.

Stopping under the shadow of the that closed us in, we listened from t time for sounds of human activity, b only voices that reached us were those occasional owl and the far-distant shr an express train.

Then, suddenly, in the midst of our s —for we sang of "John Brown's Body of all the other folk we had ever hea to beguile the miles—we spied a re street-lamps through the trees. On we p and within ten minutes we were sw down the lively street of a country busy with its Saturday-night's marketi

There we bought a map, and made nearest house of refreshment, where, square meal, we traced out our wand of the day.

We thought ourselves lucky on findin one more train was going our way that and, having sought the station out, we dozed before a roaring waiting-room while our tired limbs relaxed and glowe tingled as they rested after a long and ous bout of exercise.

C. EASTON-G

MY THOUSAND FRIENDS

A REVERIE.

By B. WOOLFOLD.

"Tot'l 'ath a thousand friends, but not a friend to spare.

...as been my fate or my ...ge—call it what you ...to have much experi... of men and things ...ned into a very few ...crowded years; and ... because I have had ...ses of all that luxurious ...and has to offer, all that ...e-class England loses ...ance of displaying, and ...hat poverty-pinched ...and seeks to hide, I ... my full thousand ... Some I knew for a ... day, others were my ...s for an afternoon, for ...ening,

... clearer in my memory, and deeper in my ...ion are those I knew for ten minutes. I had ...ne to find out exactly what faults of theirs I ...d have to forgive, nor upon what count ... or they should finally daunt the sacred ... of friendship.

...ging with some clarity of outline from ...rey wash is a man who got into the Derby ...at Melton Constable one October afternoon. ...arriage thus far had been vacant. He added ... a retriever, several brace of pheasants, a ...g gun, and that cold reserve of the English ...eman, which once one breaks it turns to ...orial warmth. I broke it down with a sur... ... milk supplied with a ten basket.

... dog was thirsty, and he had drunk his own ... milk, so that he could give all sup... by the railway company's refreshment ...ment to his dog. I am not over fond of ...yself. I was heroic also. I gave it to the ...

... that liked milk to men that liked ... was an easy step. We talked of ... I had read of plenty of it and seen a ... never once had the chase thrilled my ... sent me flying into a ditch. But this ... of my thousand friends. To admit inex... would have been to spoil our temporary ...

... ked my memory for technicalities. I ...ced his own remarks on breeds of horses. ... enthusiastic. Delighted. Grand. Effu... And at the last—hospitable!

... me his card.

... along to-morrow. Stay a week, a ... a year," said he. "I'll show you the ... try, and give you the pick of the best ... England to ride. Something you *can* ... ight to the line—something spirited—... that can stay for ever!"

... at the card. A sense of the fitness of ... bids me to declare his name. But you ... up a record of Hunting that does not ... nor are the sixpenny sporting papers ...out the latest photographs of his pack—... or in full cry.

... at that card and stammered something ... too much tied to Town. It was the ...fications. London only saw me once ...rbial blue moon. It was an invitation ... men would have jumped at for the ... glory alone.

... again those "spirited horses," and then, ... a novice!

... me farewell on Leicester Station and ... a perpetual standing invitation. I ... visit him. Thus, we remain one of ...'s "thousand friends" for ever." He was a grand man. . . . But, heavens, how he would have despised me!

* * * *

Then there was Billy Bays. I know his name was Billy Bays, because he told four lamp-posts so down the King's Road, Brighton.

"My name," said he to the lamp-posts, "is Billy Bays, and don't you forget it!"

Yet it was not until he (pardonably) mistook me for a lamp-post that his career became of any interest to me.

"How do you do?" I said.

He replied with his usual formula. I said I certainly should not forget it. Two minutes later a policeman wanted to put it on the charge-sheet of the drunk and disorderly list.

"I'll see the gentleman home," I said. I felt sorry for B. B.

"Oh, he's been convicted twelve times," said Robert, contemptuously.

I observed how very unlucky thirteen was considered by the superstitious.

"You don't know 'im," said the policeman, suspiciously.

On the contrary, I said, I counted him as one of my dearest friends. He had hold of my arm very affectionately at the time, and thus I felt justified in my remark.

"His name's Billy Bays," said I to prove my case.

"And don't you forget it!" added the cultivator of lamp-post's acquaintances.

Seeking one of these familiar friends of his he clung to it, and watched Bobby disappear. Then he dived a hand into his trousers pocket and extracted twopence.

"I'm much obliged," said he, unsteadily handing me the coins, "Goo' ni' to you, young feller, goo' ni. My name's——"

It was no use staying to listen to the wearied repetition of his name to the iron standard. I walked away rather hurt that he should have preferred the assistance of a lamp-post to mine. Yet perhaps it was better for him to hurry on to the lamp-post. I walked away, my twopence tightly clasped in my hand. If I meet Mr. Billy Bays again, I may not find him so generous.

* * * * * * *

It was not my place to be hanging about the kitchen of my house a short time since, even though it was the dread spring cleaning *interregnum* . . .

He was a bright little boy with apple cheeks, a fine-shaped head with soft brown eyes. Surely the pretty lady next door, I thought, was his aunt. He had mayhap mistaken the house.

"Well my little man," I said (I always adopt this mode of address to children and term old gentlemen of sixty "my boy." It pays in both cases).

"Oh, hallo, sir!" said he. It wafted at once the flavour of "a preparatory school for the sons of gentlemen" mixed with the portrait of a Townsend boy from "Punch." His speech was correct even to the emphasis of the oft-forgotten "h" in "what," "which" and "when."

It seemed that he had called about his brother.

"You see," said he, "my *father's* ill, and, of course, he has to *work* since he lost his *money*—you see. He has to work to keep mother—and to keep *me*, you know. Well, well, you see, he goes round to the *houses*, getting orders for tea. But he's *ill*, you see, so *I* said to mother that perhaps if *I* went round they could *easily* give *me* the orders instead. You see he takes orders for tea at *two* shillings and two shillings and *sixpence* a pound. I have to ask the ladies how *much* a pound they wish to pay, or which *sort* they would prefer—China or Souchong. You see, if you want a pound of tea you give me (instead of father) the two shillings *first*, because we must have the money to send to London for the tea. You see?"

I saw. It was a pitiful story. I imagined the broken man, the pitiful mother waiting in some dingy lodging—waiting for her fine little gentleman of a son to come home bearing orders and half-crowns for tea, over which they doubtless made only the most meagre profits, as they could not buy much at a time.

Now, at most times, I would no more dare to interfere with the domestic arrangements of my household by personally purchasing tea than I would think of asking Mr. Asquith his candid opinion on Nationalists.

Yet, diving my hand in my pocket, I was prepared to give him a half-crown and tell him to bring the tea to my door, knowing what a chilly reception it would receive, and the trenchant remarks that would follow anent my being dissatisfied with my home.

I had actually extracted by sense of feeling a half-crown from some small silver, and was about to present it to him, together with a small honorarium, when a towsled head peered in at the door.

"Billy—Billy!" It was a half whisper. "Don't you stand a-wasting time there—your farver drunk as a lord in the pub, too—chap wot lives 'ere writes books, they tell me. That sort don't 'ave no money, and so you can't do 'em." Then the lady caught sight of me on the porch, grabbed Bill and fled.

Our acquaintance extended over seven minutes, in which time I grew to like the little chap as my own nephew. If only he had taken my "order" for tea and—as he did at many houses—never returned again, I could not have even put an atom of blame upon his manly, fine-looking little shoulders.

Now—well he merely remains in my memory as almost a master of the art of "tale-pitching." I wonder to this day from whence he got his accent.

NEW POWERS OF COMMANDING OFFICERS

By a recent regulation the powers of punishment of commanding officers of regiments have been increased so that they can now give Tommy Atkins twenty-eight days' imprisonment, instead of twenty-one, the former limit.

This, however, is all in "Tommy's" favour. Formerly, the commanding officer who thought "Tommy's" offence merited, say, twenty-eight days' imprisonment, had to send him for trial by court-martial, which usually meant that Tommy would get at least forty-two days' imprisonment, a court-martial as a rule not caring to award trifling punishments.

Of course, it is putting a good deal of power in the hands of one man to enable him to send a soldier to prison for a month, but then the soldier is protected from tyranny by the fact that the commanding officer cannot give him even one day's imprisonment without offering him the option of trial by court-martial.

The rule is that when the commanding officer proposes to award any punishment that will involve any deductions from the soldier's ordinary pay he must offer him a court-martial, and if he fail to do so, the soldier can claim one.

The words "ordinary pay" are important. If the commanding officer awards a punishment which carries with it the loss of a good conduct badge the offender cannot claim a court-martial because the good conduct pay which he loses is not his ordinary pay.

On the other hand, a sentence of twenty-four hours cells involves the loss of a day's pay, and the offender can claim a court-martial, though he would not as a rule gain by doing so. In most cases Tommy prefers to "Take your award, sir," when he has the choice.

WHERE MEN FOREGATHER

LXII.
THE WHIST DRIVE.

I don't know the name of the genius who invented the whist drive, but I believe a Yankee was the first to lay his "progressive" hand on that ultra-British and ultra-respectable institution — common or garden whist.

Anyway, I should like to "shake" with him, for on the whole he has "made good," as he would say, and done good, having given us a game which does much to relieve the boredom of an evening "At Home," and having provided us with a way of gambling without fear of being raided by the police.

Of course, there is no gambling, as usually understood, at a whist drive, but, all the same, I think Old Nick must occasionally do a quiet smile when he looks down, or should one not say up? upon the more or less festive scene of a public whist drive.

Sorrowful Satan, I am sure, grins quietly but largely when at the whist drive he sees the "unco' guid," who would throw several fits at the idea of playing halfpenny "Nap," cheerfully, aye with an air, their habitual air, of conscious rectitude, of something attempted, somebody "done," staking their "bobs" (entrance fees) on the chance and in the fervent hope of winning a prize worth anything from £5 to £100.

CRITICS ANSWERED.

The ever-ironic gods, too, I am sure, hold their sides when they see the Rev. Aloysius Rubric, or Pastor Tobias McThumper, dedicating to the service of God, which in some cases means the personal comforts of the Rev. Rubric or Mr. McThumper, the proceeds of a lottery.

Don't mistake me, I have not the least objection to whist drives, and you wouldn't care a dump if I had—sensible man—but our national hypocrisy makes us stigmatise as gambler the man who bets a shilling on a horse race, with the chance, if he have prodigious luck, of winning thirty-three shillings, while we smile approvingly upon the whist-driver, who practically bets a shilling in the hope of winning a prize which he can convert into a pretty big pile of sovereigns.

I know what will be said. It will be said that whist is a game of skill, and that the most skilful players are justly rewarded by winning the prizes.

THE ELEMENT OF CHANCE.

Fudge! I admit that at a whist drive the player who adheres to the first principles of the game—as, for example, leading trumps when you are strong in them, is likely to total more points than the ignoramus who bottles up six trumps, plays out all his aces in rotation, or habitually trumps his partner's trick—but, none the less, a whist drive is an unadulterated gamble.

Many games of cards are games of chance purely, some are games of chance and skill, others of skill and chance; none is entirely a game of skill.

The finest whist player in the world can do nothing if he holds absolutely rotten cards; he cannot do very much if his partner be a duffer.

The element of chance, inseparable from ordinary whist, is increased a thousand-fold at a whist-drive. While whist-drive methods differ, and at some you are allowed to bring or choose your own partner, with whom you play throughout the drive, at most you have a succession of new partners and are at their mercy.

If you get a partner who doesn't "hear" a "call" for trumps when you make it, who won't return your trump lead, who leads from three little trumps because he "didn't know what else to do," a partner, in short, who violates every principle of whist, then the odds against your winning are out of all proportion to the ordinary chances of the game.

Then, while again systems differ, at many whist drives certain of the twenty-four deals usually played have fictitious values.

For example, there is "Klondyke," where you score double for every trick you make.

"Klondyke" usually comes twice only in the course of a "drive," but it may make or mar your chance of winning, and what is that but gambling.

Again, pray don't mistake me, I have not the slightest objection to a mild gamble with my pals, so long as neither they nor I lose more than we can well afford, and I am quite agreeable to a big gamble with Monsieur Blanc, of Monte Carlo, or a "bookie" at Newmarket and other race-courses, but it does make me smile a vastly superior smile when I see smug, suburban Britons, reverend gentlemen, and elderly ladies of unblemished reputation playing a game which in every respect is as much a gamble as Blind Hookey, Roulette, Banker, picking the winner of the Lincoln Handicap, or discovering what Mr. Asquith really means.

However, enough said and done on that point, let us briefly consider some other aspects of the whist drive.

MONEY—THE LEVELLER.

Of course, all whist drives are "select" (see small bills), but "select" is a term as elastic as a rubber company's prospectus.

Anyway, I don't know any other function that would bring together Colonel Chilibean, late Bunshire Bombardiers, and Mr. Streatham Hiroad, prosperous tradesman, in the way that a public whist drive does.

That sixty guinea dressing-case, on which "uncle" would certainly advance twenty of "the best" is a big lure to the Colonel, who has been closely "shorn" in the City of late. Mrs. Chilibean, although the daughter of a provincial Archdeacon—and doesn't she let you know it—sinks her dignity, or at least some of it, for there is a handsome grand piano to be won.

Hiroad, honest man, would much sooner sit at home in his shirt-sleeves and smoke his pipe than go whist-driving, but Mrs. Hiroad has social ambitions, and the whist drive is an excellent outlet for them.

TO PREVENT "MISTAKES."

She kowtows to Mrs. Chilibean — Mrs. Col. Chilibean as the old style used to be—and that lady is quite graciously offensive. Indeed, Mrs. Chilibean positively beams when Mrs. Hiroad, whose strongest point is not whist, revokes, when playing against Mrs. C., and thus adds three points to that lady's score, nay six, for it is "Klondyke."

Mrs. Hiroad's partner is observed at the interval to be drinking large draughts of brandy neat.

There is a sprinkling of giggling girls and would-be facetious youths.

These are the get-a-bits, who are out to win, and I strongly suspect are not above making two on their score-cards into a twelve, and here let me give you a tip when playing with strangers at whist drive. Write their score down in letters not figures; they can't object if you request them to do the same with your card.

There are the idiots who want to argue about a game, and fiercely demand why you did this or didn't do that, and there are the cads who groan audibly over the bad play of other people's their own play is generally puerile.

There are stray clergymen, half-defiant, half-sheepish, compromising with their consciences by telling them that no money passes and that the first prize if won shall be devoted to the Soup Ticket Fund.

HUMAN NATURE.

Good old Soup Ticket, if sometimes it is metamorphosed into a railway ticket for the gentleman and family to Margate.

The drive is drawing to a close. Some are hopelessly out of the hunt, some still in. I need to say that a distinct air of greed pervades the countenances of the latter. Chilibean, indeed, is growing purple, and his hooked nose is redder than ever.

Mrs. Chilibean, on the other hand, is in the running at the wrong end—for the "Booby Prize"—and she wears a stern, though somewhat belated, air of disapproval of the proceedings.

Hiroad is well up with the leaders, and with difficulty refrains from taking off his coat and spitting on his hands.

The Rev. Aloysius Rubric has quite a sporting chance, but loses it when his partner shows the last trump on the thirteenth card trick. He nearly loses his reputation at the same time for his "d-d-dear" has rather a suspicious ring about it.

PRIZE WINNERS.

The last hand is played, and the Master of Ceremonies advances. "179 or over," he calls—no answer. "178," and to everybody's, disgust, little Miss Mouncher holds up one's, hand—she has won the grand piano. As she doesn't play, and lives in a two-roomed cottage, it is to be hoped she will be able to sell it.

"177," no answer. Chilibean grows hopeful, for he is sitting tight on 175. "176"—a lady's hand goes up, also a gentleman's—or rather a boy's—young Punchem, the local railway clerk, has won the sixty-guinea dressing-case. Here's good luck to him; for he keeps his widowed mother going.

And so with the claiming of second, third, fourth, and Booby prizes by both sexes—one of the most ingenious forms of legalised gambling ever invented.

PETER GILCHRIST.

FISHING BY NIGHT.

The angling "Corinthian" is apt to look with scorn on night or bustard fishing, as it is sometimes called, with the fly, but if not very high-class sport, it is good fun, and really when you are in for a spell of low water and cloudless days there is nothing else to be done, if you are to catch anything at all.

One fly is enough, and the variety known as "Coachman," dressed on a No. 4 or even larger hook, is a good killer, and brown or white moths are also good. Artificial moths are known as "bustards," hence the term "bustard-fishing."

You must wait until it is quite dark, and then, using a short line, you cast down stream, across the river or under your own bank. Having cast, wait for a moment or two, and then draw the fly very, very slowly up stream.

Naturally, for bustard-fishing you want open pools, free from trees or other obstructions, and if you want to know the river as well as you do your own house.

The hour or so before sunrise is a particularly good time for night-fishing, and having filled your creel you can turn from sport to the glories of a summer sunrise, and the delicious beginning of an English summer's day.

OTTY POINTS IN GAMES.

II.—RUGBY FOOTBALL.

ow far behind the goal-line is the "dead-ball ?? It may be only a foot behind the goal- though that, of course, would be absurd. The limit, however, is that it must not be *more* twenty-five yards behind the goal-line.

player is within a few yards of the line with a run in when time expires ; what happens?— referee must let him go on and score the try, allowing time for the place-kick to be taken.

referee shall not whistle for half-time or de until the ball is held or out of play.

n a player be off-side in his own "in goal" space between the goal-line, dead-ball line, ouch lines prolonged)?—Yes, but only in the where one of his side takes a free-kick from nd the goal-line. Then all the players must ehind the ball when it is kicked.

player makes a forward pass to one of his side, the latter kicks the ball down the field, one of the other side makes and claims a catch." Meanwhile, the whistle has gone he forward pass. What happens?

e player who has made the fair catch is ed to a free-kick. The kick may be taken r by the player or by any member of his

player running with the ball knocks into the ee, is thrown out of his stride, and thus loses tain try, what should the referee do?—He o option ; hard though it may seem, he *must* le for a scrummage at the spot where the ion occurred.

the other hand, if the referee is of opinion a player would have gained a try but for r play by the other side, he may award a try t had been actually scored.

such a case where is the try deemed to have scored?—At the point on the goal line where e drawn from the spot where the offence ted and parallel to the touch line would sect the goal line.

ide have a free kick at goal, and "No charge" been ordered, nevertheless when the kick is one of the opposing side runs forward and the ball, what can the referee do?—He can d a goal as if it had been kicked.

w far, respectively, must a kick-off and a out reach?—The kick-off must reach ten , and the drop-out must cross the twenty- ards line.

hat is the penalty for failing to comply with ule?—The other side may have the ball re- d, or have it scrummaged at the centre in the of a kick-off, at the middle of the twenty- ards line in the case of a drop-out.

w often should the referee caution a player ul or rough play?—He need not caution him , and for a second offence he *must* order off.

H. FOSTER.

A PLEA FOR THE SLACKER.

en we see a man who, instead of hustling l with his work, rushing through this task, ying through that, and for ever giving one the ession that he has been caught up in a sort of wind of work, on the other hand, performs his in a leisurely manner, and then puts his hat d goes, we are apt to call him a "slacker." we are apt, too, in a mild way, to look down m.

t why? Isn't it just possible that that man nore enjoyment out of life than we do? We he rapid walkers through our span of earthly nce, rushing ahead, intent on reaching the ng post. He is the stroller, he sees the ry and enjoys its beauties, which, in our are unseen of our eyes. To him, perhaps, inning post is of little account.

s thoughts are occupied with other questions those of business. The big questions of life rn him, which we have no time for. And in years, though he will probably be poor in t, he will possess a wide store of worldly m ; whereas, we, grim men of business h we may be, will, in other respects, look a life with the eyes of children.

A MAN AND HIS HORSE

SOME PRACTICAL ADVICE.

Every man who owns a horse ought to be a bit of an amateur "vet."

Professional advice is apt to come more than a little expensive if it is taken concerning every trifling ailment. And surely the owner ought not to be more ignorant than the average groom!

Indeed, if horsemen trusted more to their own common-sense, and less to the so-called experience of the hired man, their horses would fare better, and they would be pounds in pocket.

As an instance of this usual but misplaced confidence, the following will serve:

I was staying with a friend who kept a pony, and to attend to it a village lad of average intelligence came daily.

A BOY'S TENDER MERCIES.

The pony's owner, however, knew absolutely nothing of the needs of his animal, and placed implicit faith in the lad who fed—and doctored—the beast as he liked.

In consequence, there were many days when the pony was too unwell to come out of his stable; and the lad, to his own satisfaction, had little or nothing to do, while his master was obliged to tramp the two miles to the station.

I discovered that the pony was subject to attacks of colic, brought about by the lad's fixed idea that unripe apples and rain-rotted pears in generous quantities were good for him.

I advised my host to get rid of both, and hire from the village hostelry in future, and, though he took my advice, it was not before the pony went the way of all flesh.

"Can't have the roan out to-day, sir," says the autocrat of the stable, and his master obediently goes out of the yard and sorrowfully changes his riding-breeches and boots, and gives up the idea of a good day's hunting.

SIGNS OF SICKNESS.

He does not know that the roan is suffering from wind brought about by John's gross carelessness.

It does not require very keen powers of observation to tell a sick horse from a healthy one. Note the ears. They are an almost infallible guide to a horse's state of health.

If his ears are on the alert, there is nothing wrong; but when a horse is out of sorts his ears are quite still.

The eye, too, is a pretty sure index, and the way he carries his head.

If you know your mount as thoroughly as the man who only possesses one horse ought to know him, you should be able to tell whether the roan is fit to take out or not, without consulting John.

John may be only an over-careful groom, or he may be a lazy rascal. That is for his master to determine. A man who has studied his horse does not forego a day's hunting except for some known reason.

There is no place where the eye of the master is so much needed as in the stable-yard, and nowhere is it so conspicuous by its absence.

A horse is looked upon as a costly luxury. It need not be so. But it is often so because the owner shifts his responsibilities on to the shoulders of ignorant people. Trusting to their ignorance because he lacks the courage to trust to his own.

Farriers are often brutal as well as ignorant, and what John knows, he would be better without. So would the horse.

There is an old idea, much honoured in the stable, that to give a horse a good glossy coat he must be kept warm. So John shuts him up in a stuffy stable, and his master never thinks of looking at his mount's feet until the mischief is done. Both master and man have only eyes for the coat.

A stable ought to be ventilated as much as a human dwelling: more so, in fact, because a horse has only one apartment, and his master has a range.

THE IDEAL STABLE.

A nice roomy box is the best for a horse. It must be free from draughts, and should have proper drainage. It must not be too dark nor too light, for both are bad for the horse's eyes.

Warm clothing, a cool stable, and plenty of good grooming, will keep a horse's coat in fine condition.

And the man who loves his gee will take no notice of the traditions that have been handed down through generations of more or less ignorant stablemen.

There is one point that ought to be insisted upon. The stable ought to be cleared out every day. It will be argued that it comes expensive to bed down with fresh litter each time, but it is money well spent, for the horse will be fifty per cent. healthier if his box is kept clean.

To keep him in perfect health a horse must have regular exercise, and it ought to be his owner who gives it to him. Few grooms know how to exercise a horse properly. They either give too much or too little.

FOOD AND WATER.

When your horse wants shoeing, make a point of going yourself to the farrier. Do not put any more trust in the smith than in the groom. The horse is yours—not theirs.

A badly-shod horse is a misery both to itself and its rider. Find out for yourself the condition of his shoes.

Horses are peculiarly liable to colic, and as prevention is better than cure, it is wisest to give them water with the chill taken off, especially if the water is hard. Draughts of very cold water have been known to bring on severe attacks. Green food should also be used sparingly.

Warm appliances and gentle hand-rubbing give ease in attacks, but on no account let your groom do any promiscuous doctoring.

PERILOUS EXPERIMENTS.

Half the ills the stabled horse suffers from arise through John's experiments with the medicine chest.

A horse is none the better for being coddled, but he ought to be protected from damp. If he has to do much standing about in wet weather let him have some covering over his loins.

After a hard day's hunting see that your horse is well attended to. If he is very fagged see that John massages his legs. He will pick up afterwards amazingly.

A good horse deserves a good master.

R. CROFTON.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

The MAN from LANCASTER GATE

By F. PROCTOR WATSON.

It seemed that all London had gone home early that night. The doorkeeper at Frascati's (where I had been consuming a humble steak and sauté potatoes) had, for the consideration of four coppers, bowed me out of the four glass doors with all the ceremony that the King of Spain could ask.

Outside there was a wet fog hanging about like a damp blanket, and through that veil were the oily, uncertain lights of the inhospitable, fog-filled station of Tottenham Court Road on the Central London Railway. I made for those lights.

Then something loomed, big and sizzling, in the darkness. A great arm shot out into the murky gloom. . . . The next moment strong fingers had me by the overcoat, lounge coat, and linen collar. There was a jerk, and after a blurred, uncomfortable interval (it would not have been the sixteenth part of a second in actual fact), I found myself breathless but safe on the front of a cautiously-running steam-car, a motor brougham such as doctors use.

"Don't say a word," said the man by my side. "Sit still. You're all right. When I've garaged this affair—my man hadn't the nerve—I'll talk to you. Gee. What a fog. Thank heaven—a policeman. Bobby, are we in the fairway to Tottenham Court Road?" A bull's-eye flashed upon us as from nowhere, and flouted in the black. I had the presence of mind to snatch a glimpse of my friend's face. It was clear cut—the fine outlines, without the coarseness of the American features. He was, plainly, a cultured American, a man who neither "guessed," "calculated," nor "darned." My surprised, palpitating heart was subsiding into its normal beat. It is no small thing to have one's back scraped over a splashboard just after a steak and sauté-supper that has been washed down by copious draughts of Guinness.

I awoke to the irrepressible cockney of the policeman—the real cockney policeman is gradually becoming as extinct as the Great Auk.

"Look here, sir," said the Policeman. "If you go on, you do so on your own responsibility. My duty is to hold you up 'ere till the fog lifts, but if you'll forget you've seen me, you can chance it, I s'y—neck or nothin'!" He was evidently weary of argument with the drivers of vehicles.

We crawled on until my friend deigned to speak.

"It was the same with *you*," said he, referring to the constable's last observation. "How are your nerves?"

His tone was contemptuous in the extreme.

"Middling," I said, a little reproachfully. A British tax-payer resents sudden familiarity.

"The crux of the question is this," said he, crisply. "Just now—your recollection may be a bit blurred, but mine is not—I saved your miserable little life. No one but a—a—foolish person (I must remember I'm a doctor) would stroll leisurely over Tottenham Court Road in a fog. You, sir, were evidently not born to be run over by a hoo'doo'd—I mean by a steam-car, because, barring this fist and a little promptitude they'd have been examining you for breakages by this time. That's how I reach the situation. Now what have you got to say?"

"Thank you," I began.

"Stop right there. Brevity is what I've been looking for in Great Britain, and I've never found it until now. 'Thank you' is quite sufficient. My chauffeur—I'll swear he's only a French gas-fitter—took somewhere about four columns of the 'New York Herald' to tell me that he was too nervous to drive this car back to its temporary garage—off this street. He started out about his kid who's rather delicate. Then he went on weaving romances round his wife. I thought he was on a 'Playtime story for little children,' bang out of the 'Daily Mail,' until I found that he could have expressed it in these words—'I don't understand your steam-car, and I'm afraid—sweltering, snivelling *afraid*—to drive it back to the garage through the fog, from Lancaster Gate.' That's how I read *his* ticket. (Gee! Was that a steam-engine or a chestnut scorcher?)"

There were some lurid remarks out of the black behind us.

"We never touched the beggars," said the Man from Lancaster Gate, discontentedly. "Missed 'em by a good three or four inches, and listen!—even now they aren't happy."

It was faint—but it was good Billingsgate. I was, however, beginning to feel perfectly cheerful. I pulled out a cigarette-case that marked the long-ago of my twenty-first birthday, and offered it to the Man from Lancaster Gate. We were "slithering" along at a fair five miles an hour, and only grazed the curb once in the utter blackness. I offered my preserver a cigarette. . . . He forgot he was a professional man. He bedecked me with full-toned rich epithets in a language that, happily for the good of my soul, I did not fully comprehend. I will not, for this reason, attempt to give you even a handful out of a generous sackful of them.

They were pointed. They concerned cigarettes—not *me*. It was for that reason that I did not demand in accordance with my rights as a free-born British citizen—the one thing rarely allowed him—freedom of action. I let him run on until he cooled.

"I believe they're entirely responsible," he concluded. It was the mildest thing he had said for three good minutes. "Those nerve-wrecking, heart-destroying, lung-clogging——"

He paused for breath.

"Anyhow," said he, "my chauffeur smokes them. In future no smokers need apply for any billets going in *my* household. Nerves and nicotine are ruining the British Empire."

We came to an oasis of light in the form of a big electric arc, and we were hailed from behind the big doors.

My companion discovered that the man in charge was smoking a final cigarette; he gibbered awhile, and informed me that he should change his garage. Then we strolled off swiftly.

"Hi, Guv'nor!" The big gate swung open again. An imperfectly outlined figure was gesticulating in the dim electric blue. He was waving a small square parcel and a stick, evidently rescued from the brougham.

"Yes, they're mine," said my friend. I went back for them. There was something in the tin box wrapped up in brown paper that clicked when one shook it. Surprised at the weight of the stick, I almost let it down.

"Good lord," I said, "this stick's loaded. Afraid of——"

"Afraid? I'm afraid of nothing. No, I carry this stick to keep my arms in trim. Feel. That's an *arm*, sir!"

It might have been a leg by its thickness and massive muscled strength. I decided to agree with my preserver on all matters—even to cigarettes.

Personally, I believe in tobacco as an antiseptic to London fogs. Yet because of a certain intuition, and a certain care for my bodily safety which is always with me, I continued to walk on by the side of the Man from Lancaster Gate, choking, although there were two good cigarettes in my case.

Thus, plunging through the dark, grasping the arm of my friend with the superabundance of nerve—to say nothing of a good temper, seeing that he omitted to swear on the many occasions upon which he blundered over shrouded curbs—I came to Tottenham Court Road Station once more.

By the skin of our teeth we squeezed into the "last lift," and caught the final Shepherd's Bushwards train. On the steps of the cars officials would have argued with my friend. He caught the clanging bars as they would have closed, and I followed my general. As far as Oxford Circus that official lectured us severely on risking our own lives.

"I wouldn't ha' done what you did, sir, not if I was paid. Perhaps," he said, "I ought to report. You *might* be an official. . . ."

I heard Hercules almost weep.

"Nerves — nerves!" he said. "You, man, *I'm* no bloated director of an old-fashioned railway that looks after the safety of a neurasthenic public."

At Oxford Circus, the discussion having risen above his head, the official contented himself with his usual seat outside the glass doors. . . . The draught was our way. A thin wreath of blue smoke threaded in past our noses.

The Man from Lancaster Gate sniffed critically.

"Ten a-penny!" said he. I observed that his statement was an exaggeration.

"You wait. Some one will be enterprising enough——"

"We are a nation of shopkeepers," I observed, with pride.

"I meant an American would be enterprising enough," he said, frigidly. "This is a nation of cigarette-smokers. Bah!"

"Lancaster Gate!" called our official.

"Good-bye. . . . Dash, I haven't a card. See you again——"

Thus the Man from Lancaster Gate disappeared, nameless to me for ever more.

I happened to glance opposite at his seat. The tin box with the click was still there. I saw the official's eye upon it.

I acted a felony. I picked it up calmly, and nursed it as if it were mine, and he had merely carried it for me.

I had to walk home to my rooms in Bayswater Park Road. All the way that box clicked weirdly. I scented a battery, some nerve-steeling contrivance in electricity.

Once home, I opened that box breathlessly. It was a neat, cleverly-packed affair, and bore the honoured name of a well-known cigarette manufacturer of Piccadilly. It contained fifty quill stems for a certain patent cigarette-holder, as sold by the firm.

BILLIARDS— WITH VARIATIONS.

SOME GOOD GAMES THAT CAN BE PLAYED ON A BILLIARD TABLE.

There are occasions when even the most enthusiastic gathering of cueists, after a lengthy evening spent in playing billiards proper, tire of that essentially scientific game, and find themselves hankering after a pastime which is characterised by a shade more levity.

The games under treatment have the especial advantage that they are particularly well suited to small sized tables.

First of all let us take "Cork Pool." In this game two balls are used, a white and a red, white always playing on red. On the centre spot, or sometimes on the pyramid spot, according to the inclinations of the majority of the players, a cork is placed. It is customary to collect a "pool" consisting of coppers, but, of course, enthusiasts with "anti-gambling" views can derive equal interest from the use of counters.

This "pool" is placed on the top of the cork, and the rotation of playing is arranged by lot. The object of the game is to cannon off the red on to the cork, so as to knock it over. The player who succeeds in performing this feat—to shake the cork is not sufficient—takes the pool. In some rooms the rule is that the cannon must be made off the red, and then off one or more cushions on to the cork.

If a player misses the red, puts the red down, puts his own ball down (even after knocking over the cork), cannons without striking the cushion (if this is the rule) or plays out of his turn, he must place on the cork the amount of his original stake.

Another good game, but slightly more intricate and difficult to describe, is "skittle pool." The balls used are the two whites, spotted and "plain," and the red, which is in the usual place. In addition there are ten white and two black skittles, four inches in height. The white skittles are placed on the table in an order which varies with practically every room, but which is generally something like this:

Four at a distance of four inches from the left-hand cushion, the first in a line with the pyramid spot, and counting one point, the last nine inches out of baulk and counting three, and two others at equal distances between them, the skittle nearer the top of the table counting four and the other two. In like manner, four skittles are placed at the same distance from the right-hand cushion, ranging in value from the top of the table as follows: four, two, six, one. Another white skittle is placed just below the red ball, and counts five, while another, which is given various values according to the room, is placed in baulk close to the right-hand spot.

One black skittle is placed midway between the right-hand cushion and the third white skittle down, while another is stationed in baulk close to the left-hand spot. The object of the game is to cannon off the red or the other white on to one of the white skittles, scoring the value of the skittle knocked over. The game is 31 up, each player going to the [illegible] in turn; and any number may play. If [illegible] of the black skittles is knocked over, [illegible]ct with ball, cue, sleeve, or in any way, the player is "dead" or "out," but he can "come in again" on paying into the "pool" the amount already in it. He, however, loses any points he may have scored.

Finally, some players may like the "all cannon" game. As the name suggests, the only scoring strokes are cannons, whether straight, or off the cushion; and each cannon counts one. Any player going down, or putting down a ball, loses its value—*viz.*, two points for a white ball, and three for the red.

C. SANDERSON.

HOW TO JOIN THE TERRITORIALS

FACTS AND FIGURES FOR THE WOULD-BE RECRUIT.

There are undoubtedly many men in Great Britain who have not as yet earned the right to wear a uniform, but who would be perfectly willing to serve their country did they but know how to set about it, and what the requirements are.

It is in the hope of being of use to some of these that this article is written, and the writer aims at nothing more than a plain statement of facts. Methods differ slightly with different corps, but the conditions in the majority are practically the same.

AGE AND HEIGHT.

The intending recruit must be between the ages of 17 and 35, and must be 5ft. 2in. or upwards in height.

First of all, however, which branch of the Service do you wish to join? The Yeomanry has but few vacancies to offer. Thirty-two of the fifty-six regiments of auxiliary cavalry have already reached 98 per cent. of their establishment, and at least as regards the regiments whose headquarters are in or near the large towns, it will be a matter of some difficulty for the man without a friend at court to get in. However, if you are keen enough, all things are possible, and it is worth while trying.

But there are other mounted corps that are actually in need of recruits—the Artillery, the Army Service Corps, and the mounted branches of the Engineers will each provide work of the most interesting kind, and will ensure a certain amount of riding and driving.

The ten cyclist battalions, too, are in most cases very nearly at full strength, but there is an opening here for the man who is keen on cycling, and will enjoy scouting and independent work. It is advisable for him to use his own cycle, and he will receive an allowance for wear and tear.

CHOOSING A UNIT.

The R.A.M.C. has attractions of its own, and teaches much that may be useful in civil life; and last, but by no means least, there is the Infantry, which is the backbone of the Territorial Army.

The City-dweller will probably have several battalions to choose from, but he will be well advised to join, if possible, the one whose headquarters are nearest to his home, unless he can afford the time and money to journey some distance to his drills. The countryman must, perforce, join the battalion which has a company with headquarters in his district.

If you have a friend who is already a member of the corps you have chosen, you will start with a great advantage, for he can not only introduce you to the Sergeant-Major in the first instance, but put you up to numerous little tips concerning drills, uniform, and so on.

THE FIRST INTERVIEW.

Having picked your corps, nothing remains but to present yourself at headquarters one evening and discover the Orderly Room, to which any member of the corps who may be hanging about will gladly conduct you, with the air of a shepherd bringing a lost sheep to the fold. There you will usually find the Regimental Sergeant-Major, or whoever fulfils the duties of that official, or you may come across the Adjutant himself.

A few questions will probably be asked, among them will almost certainly be an inquiry as to your business or trade, which some men resent. But a man's business is a matter of some importance to his officers, for they realise that it must come first, and it is no good enrolling a man who will not have the time to make himself efficient. In some corps there are special companies for men of certain trades, so that all difficulties with regard to hours of parade may be smoothed over as far as possible.

Then you will be given an attestation paper to fill up, and you will find there set out the most extraordinary series of questions, and a terrifying statement of what will happen to you if you do not tell the truth.

TAKING THE OATH.

Sometimes men are "sworn in" on the spot; but more usually the attestation form is sent to the Colonel for approval, and then you have to present yourself to be sworn in.

The simple oath to serve His Majesty and his heirs is taken on the Bible in the presence of an officer, or if none is available, of a magistrate.

That ceremony over, you are a full-fledged Territorial, provided that the doctor passes you as sound. He usually attends on a certain day at headquarters for the purpose of examining recruits; but it may be necessary for you to go to him in company with the Sergeant-Major—the man who, to the newly-joined private, seems to run the regiment.

Having once enlisted you become liable to military law whenever actually being trained or exercised as a soldier; but if a householder, you can claim exemption from serving on a jury.

THE PERIOD OF SERVICE.

The term of enlistment is for four years, and nominally you are bound to pay a fine not exceeding £5, and varying with the amount of service given, if you wish to obtain your discharge. But for any valid reason a free discharge is usually granted by the commanding officer.

The demands in the way of training include eight days at the annual camp, at which the average man will naturally want to put in the full fifteen.

The number of drills required varies with the arm of the Service chosen, and it is impossible to give a full list here. In the Infantry forty drills must be attended in the first year and ten in each subsequent year, in addition to the annual musketry course, which occupies one afternoon, or, at most, two. In the Yeomanry twenty drills in the first year and ten before camp in each following year, and the musketry course, are all that is required.

When one considers that there are 365 days in a year, and that on some days it is possible to put in two drills—field days and so on often counting double—and also that each drill only lasts one hour, it will be obvious that the demands on one's time are not very exacting.

M. H. ALLAN.

"DAPPING" WITH MAYFLIES.

AN INTERESTING BUT LITTLE-KNOWN METHOD OF ANGLING FOR TROUT.

The ways that men have devised of luring the wily trout from his natural element are many; but the method which forms the subject of this article is, perhaps, one of the least common of them.

The mayfly is a rather rare insect—rare in the sense that it is not found in every river. In the chrysalis stage it lies at the bed of the stream, snugly tucked away under some half-imbedded stone. In the warm weather, attracted by the genial beams of the sun, it rises to the top, where it is quickly transformed into a gaudy-hued fly, whose favourite recreation, apparently, is to glide about on the surface of the water.

The mayfly in this form is particularly attractive to the trout, which devours the insects in large numbers; and it is by trading on this knowledge that the devotee of "dapping" gets in his deadly work.

The reason why "dapping" is not more widely practised by anglers is doubtless the extreme irregularity with which mayflies put in an appearance. A man may take a week's holiday from his business in order to do some mayfly fishing; and not one of them may be seen during the whole time. And then, on the day of his return, swarms may turn up, and the fish begin to "bite like fury."

"Dapping" is practised in England chiefly along the banks of rivers, and in Ireland, the real home of this sport, on lakes, from a drifting boat. It is the latter method which provides the greater amount of fun.

In this case the angler starts his boat so that the wind, which to be suitable should be light and not chilly, blows it towards the other end. Then, on the end of his line, which is specially made, for "dapping" purposes, of silk, and known as a "blow line," he fixes an artificial mayfly. If he has been patient enough to catch some live ones, he can use them; but, all things considered, it is better to use artificial ones, as an actual fly presents a very forlorn and unattractive appearance on a line.

Holding his rod fairly high, he lets the line blow out in front of him, dropping his lure as deftly as he can among the clusters of live flies that are gliding about on the surface of the water. The gusts of wind, blowing his very light silken line, give a singularly life-like, spasmodic action to the artificial fly, so that it is practically impossible to detect the deception.

Soon, perhaps, a swirl will appear in the water, and a trout will suck down, with a greedy gulp, several of the dancing flies. Perhaps our angler's is one of these, in which case he strikes quickly, and the fish is hooked.

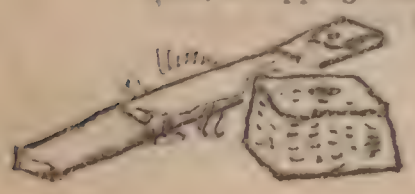
His chief concern is that his boat should not move too quickly through the water; and if he finds the wind higher than he likes, he turns his craft broadside on, a manœuvre which has the effect of diminishing its speed. Of course, when he has reached the other end of the lake, he has to drag the boat round to the starting point again.

In England, where rivers, rather than lakes, are the features of the country, "dapping" is chiefly done from the bank. The angler strolls along, dropping his fly among those on the water; and in all other respects the procedure is the same.

A word as to the cost of "dapping" outfits may not be out of place. First of all, the artificial mayfly costs from half-a-crown to three-and-six a dozen. The most advisable colour to get is a brown body with pearl grey wings. See, too, that the flies are "tied to float."

The "blow-line" is the most expensive item, because of the care with which it has to be made, and the high quality of the materials required. Its price ranges from ten-and-sixpence upwards.

The rod is in three pieces, two joints of cane, and the top of greenheart or lancewood. Its length should be from sixteen to eighteen feet, and prices range from 18s. 6d. to 25s. But with proper care, such as varnishing twice a year, and with a friendly eye to the bindings from time to time, a dapping-rod should last for any period up to ten years. S. JARROW.



MY NOTEBOOK.

MAKING NEW FRIENDS.

Here is an interesting letter from a Provincial reader; he asks me to suppress not only his name but also that of his town, in case he should be identified and laughed at:

"I am at present in a warehouse here," he writes, "but I am leaving in a short time to take up a better position at Whiteley's in London. I understand that the living-in system is compulsory there, and what I want your advice upon is how to make certain of being well received by my new fellow-workers.

"You know how much first impressions count, and I am afraid of putting my foot in it. As I have been bred so far away from London, perhaps I don't look at things as they do, and I may give them offence unintentionally.

"I am in the Terriers, and also play for the local Rugby club, and am, though I say it myself, very popular with all the men I know, so I don't suppose I can be a bad sort of chap. I like to be friends with everybody, and it would be a great disappointment if I did or said anything that would make me an outsider in my new sphere."

GOING CAUTIOUSLY.

Our good friends across the Border have a proverb which I may very well quote in this connection. It is "ca' canny," which, being interpreted, means "go warily," and that is precisely what I should advise my reader to do.

In the course of my own life I have on several occasions found myself in circumstances where I was the new-comer, the observed and criticised, and my plan has always been under such conditions to say very little and to listen a lot.

When a new man comes to an office, to a club, or to any other place where men do congregate, he is naturally an object of interest to the others. Human nature impels them to look rather for his faults than for his good points, and human weakness usually makes him show up to the worst possible advantage.

Often he talks too much, and sometimes he brags a bit. His desire is not directly to impress his new acquaintances with his importance, but rather to regain his own self-esteem, which, under the strain of unvoiced criticism, he feels to be leaving him. Talking doesn't bring it back to him; it only makes his new acquaintances think him an ass.

On the other hand, if you "ca' canny," adapt yourself to your new surroundings, and carefully avoid giving offence, you earn the appreciation and friendship of the best of the men amongst whom your lot has fallen; for the others you have no use.

WEEK-ENDS.

In these notes I have frequently referred to little incidents that have happened during week-end holidays. I have done so because I think it more likely that I can interest you by recounting these happenings out of business hours than by talking about office routine.

Occasionally a correspondent has suggested that I must have a very easy time of it because of these week-end breaks, but I can assure you that it is not so. Week-end holidays I regard as a necessity if one is to keep fresh and work at high pressure.

I have just returned from a longer holiday than usual. This time it was a whole week. I am not going to tell you where I spent it, because by doing so I might perhaps bring trouble upon the head of someone else, as you will find from what follows. It is sufficient to say that the place I chose was a very small town, which consists, so far as I could judge, chiefly of large hotels.

SHERLOCK HOLMES IN THE POST OFFICE.

On the first day of my holiday I wrote several letters and a post-card. One of the letters was addressed to my office, another to my publisher, and the post-card to my sister. I am giving you these facts as they will help to explain what happened. The rest of the incident can best be told by reproducing two letters I received.

On returning to my hotel I discovered following message waiting for me.

"Dear sir,—I am an ardent admirer of excellent paper, and was extremely surprised I saw your letters in the post to-night. I no your writing and the addresses on the envel as I was sorting, and at once saw from th where you are staying. It is strange how a remembers handwriting. I have only seen once before, and that was at the foot of a lett had written to a pal of mine when he join League, and which he showed me; but I re nised it immediately to-night.

"I should greatly appreciate a repl impromptu and surreptitiously-written hope you will enjoy your stay in ——. fine town when it's fine. Best wishes.

"Yours sincerely,

"——"

GETTING TO KNOW EACH OTHER.

I was much interested in reader who appeared to have su marvellous faculty for observa and deduction, and I wrote as him to come and dine with me. This is the I received:

"Dear Mr. ——, Many thanks for y kind letter. I was in some doubt as to w you really were the writer of the letters going through the post, and had you not be the —— Hotel, the opener of my note m made things unpleasant.

"However, I am delighted to know that have come to spend a brief holiday so near to home, and hope you will get the full benefit of moorland air. You will probably fail to se beauty of our village on account of the unse state of the weather, but there are some pretty spots in the district.

"I am sorry that I can't accept your invi to dinner, as my office work prevents me. hours of grind are from 12.30 to 9.30 p.m. so the only time at my disposal is the morning you would like to go for a good walk any morn please let me know. I should be glad to you some of the local beauty spots.

"Kind regards from

"Yours sincerely,

"——"

To this letter I replied that if my new friend could not, owing to his hours of wo with me, he might perhaps favour me by co to breakfast.

He did so, and after the meal we went good ten-mile walk. He took me through paths and over moorland roads that I should readily have discovered myself, and the e was in every way a pleasant one.

Before the end of my visit we had another together, and again he showed me parts of country that were not mentioned in the books, and that were more interesting as they were off the beaten track.

HIS CHANGED IDEA OF AN EDITOR.

By this time we were very friends, and he had lost all of awe of the Editor. He was not gifted with the of expressing his feelings but on several occasions he marvelled at fact that I should have been so free and as to go for a walk with him. I assured him I was always happy to meet my readers, and I should have expected him to have gathered from these rambling notes that I really friendly towards them.

"As a matter of fact," he said, "I used to bit doubtful as to whether you existed at all thought the 'Notebook' was simply turned to order, and that you were probably a middle-aged man and not young at all."

I have convinced him at least that this is I have represented them to be.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

JEM HALL: MEDICAL STUDENT.

A SKETCH.

Jem Hall was studying medicine—he was also presumably studying other things—judging from the way he spent his time.

He was walking the hospitals—he was also frequenting Piccadilly, and other resorts known to the undecided at unhallowed hours.

Few knew him—but certain music-halls knew him even better.

He had said the life of a doctor was a sad one, therefore he was going to be as gay as possible before the melancholy M.D. was tacked on to his name.

Jem Hall's jokes were the talk of his college.

As for his drinking capacities, it used to frighten a freshman to see him.

Once spirits wilder than himself once asked Jem to a supper-party, and laid a heavy wager that they would see him under the table.

Jem sat on, never refusing as the bottles went round.

One by one the circle narrowed, one by one fellow guests slipped from their chairs to the kindly seclusion of the mahogany, and at last the host himself succumbed.

But Jem sat on still—until at last it dawned upon him that he was alone.

"I forgot," he said, as he looked round. "I forgot that it was my supper-party to-night," and carefully finished the last bottle.

There was no fun in locking up Jem Hall in the dissecting-room—he only played skittles with the dried bones, and amused himself with what he called "giving the poor things a last smoke," which meant the sticking of lighted pipes into the mouths of the specimens provided by the thoughtful Professor of Anatomy for the students' benefit.

At one lecture given by a most distinguished anatomist Jem Hall fitted up the skeleton, which was to be the illustration with an electrical apparatus of his own invention.

The Professor's nerves were not on a par with Jem's, and when the thing began to nod its head to the learned lecturer, and finally to execute a kind of "Vampire" dance on the platform, the Professor went rather "green about the gills," left the room, and being nothing of an anatomist himself he finally collapsed.

"That proves, gentlemen," said the irrepressible Jem, "the superiority of matter over mind."

Somebody blabbed, however, and saved the Professor's reason!

There is a spark of chivalry in Jem's composition, as witness his meeting with a pretty little girl somewhere near the Haymarket at the witching hour of midnight, and her tale of woe, until they were unceremoniously interrupted by an unromantic man in blue, who asked Jem if he knew his pin had gone.

Jem Hall's scarf-pin was a "stunner," and the envy of half the men at Barts.'

Mechanically Jem put up his hand and found it was not there.

Then his poor little lonely girl—of some thirty years—protested against the far from friendly grasp of the Law, and Jem's chivalry rose up in arms, particularly as he couldn't believe that she was the thief. "Its that chap running on the other side, constable," he cried, "who's got my pin—this lady is a friend of mine."

"She is of a great many others, young man," said the constable, severely.

But Jem took no notice; he thought he saw tears in the artistic eyes, and that settled the matter.

So the man in blue shrugged his shoulders and said "another fool," and left him to the tender mercies of the lonely little girl.

A. M. STEWART.

SPORTING STORIES.

FORCE OF HABIT.

He was a dashing young man from London, and the girls of the little country town were a bit jealous of one another because of him.

It was quite amusing to note how often they contrived quite casual encounters.

It was, however, upon the young lady assistant at the one and only draper's shop that he lavished the most attention, and many were the times when he patronised the shop to purchase needles which he did not know how to thread, and thread which he did not want.

One evening he took her out for a walk, and when they said good night, he—yes, he did, for he was a bold, bad, wicked young man—placed his arm about her waist, and deliberately kissed her. Oh, shocking!

"Will that be all?" asked the young lady.

HIS DISAPPOINTMENT.

The little boy and the old lady were the only occupants of the railway-carriage.

Presently they came to a tunnel, and, the railway company being economical, the lights were not turned on.

The old lady heard the carriage-door open and close again sharply, and a moment later the train emerged from the darkness.

The little boy was nowhere to be seen!

She jumped to her feet and made for the communication cord, but, even as she raised her hand, she observed a juvenile foot peeping from beneath the opposite seat.

She bent down, dragged him out, and started to express her exact opinion of him.

"You little wretch!" she said. "You might have sent me into a fit!"

"Yes, ma'am," replied the little boy disappointedly. "I did it last Tuesday to an old lady and she *did* have a fit."

A DIFFERENT MATTER.

"You remember when that fat girl started fooling about in the boat and upset it?" asked the first man.

"Yes, I remember," replied the second man. "You got her out all right, didn't you?"

"I got her out," said the first man, "but my watch slipped from my waistcoat pocket while I was swimming with her to the bank. It lay in the river for three days before I recovered it, but it kept on running all the time."

"My dear fellow," said the second man, "a watch can't run for three days."

He had a sort of feeling that his friend was romancing, and was just going to say so.

"I didn't suggest it could," replied the first man. "I was talking of the river."

CARE OF KENNELS.

ESSENTIAL POINTS FOR KEEPING DOGS IN HEALTH.

Readers have asked for some information respecting the position of kennels. These should always be placed with a southern aspect if possible, and on an elevated situation.

Kennels should never be built on damp ground. Such a position will induce all kinds of infirmities among the animals kept therein.

Portable kennels are made so well and so cheaply that they are preferable to the old-fashioned brick and cement affairs, reminiscent of hunt kennels. Indeed it is far more economical to buy the portable kennels than to build the old sort. Even the neighbourhood of the portable kennels must be kept dry.

I would recommend anyone with disused stables to convert them into dog kennels. If fitted with doors to the stalls they make ideal homes for dogs, that is, of course, if they are dry and well drained.

It is best to feed dogs twice a day. A light breakfast is advisable, and it is best never to offer a dog more than he will eat.

Only the best biscuits and meals are really nourishing. Good sound butcher's meat, fish, sheep's head, and paunches well boiled, with either of the proprietary meals, and green vegetables are the best foods.

Dogs love good meat, and are quick to discern any that is tainted.

Change a dog's diet as much as possible. Raw meat occasionally is advised. Indeed, raw meat best suits a dog which has to stand the racket of a round of shows.

This life soon brings him down in flesh—owing to worry rather than travelling—and he should be built up with fresh juicy raw meat. Too much water is not good for him. Try to regulate his supply.

Cleanliness is one of the greatest secrets in dog keeping. A dirty, evil-smelling kennel, full of damp straw, is sure to cause disease. Air is necessary, but no draughts or dampness.

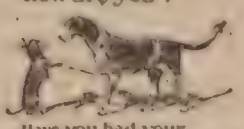
All dogs should be properly brushed and groomed.

Exercise is another absolute necessity, especially among the heavier breeds. Straw in winter and clean pine sawdust in the summer make excellent bedding.

JAMES MEDWAY.

MOLASSINE
DOG & PUPPY CAKES
Hound and Terrier Meal

are composed of the purest ingredients only. Owing to the antiseptic properties of the foods of which they are compounded they aid digestion, keep dogs' skins and coats in good condition, eradicate internal worms and parasites, and prevent unpleasant odours.



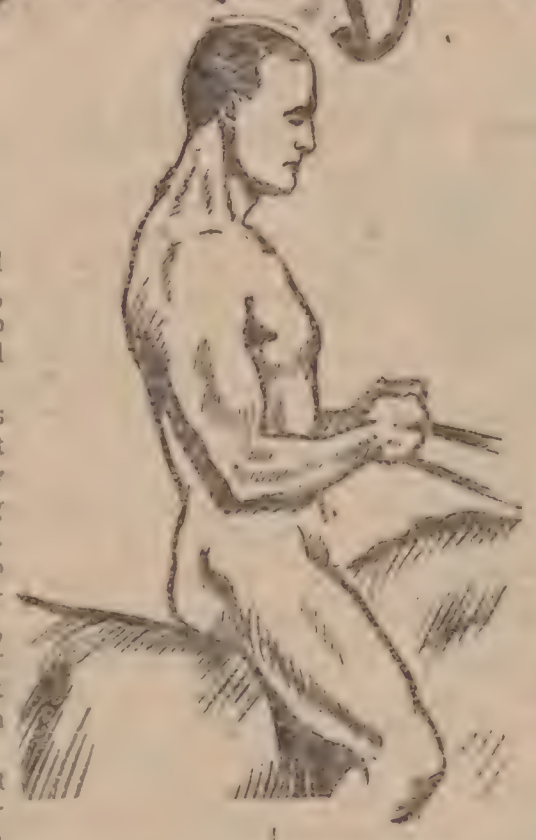
Have you had your MOLASSINE DOG CAKE?

MOLASSINE POULTRY MEAL
makes hens lay eggs in abundance.

Sold by Grocers, Corn Merchants and
THE MOLASSINE CO., Ltd.,
3, Tunnel Avenue Greenwich, S.E.

KEEP ALL DOGS HEALTHY.

RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT



A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by
F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

CLIMBING TESTS.

Presuming that your physical condition is very nearly A 1, you are, perhaps, anxious to find out how far it has fitted you for prolonged exertion.

Get away to the nearest hills and climb them. They will test you splendidly, not by any specific exercise, but by calling on all your frame to do its part.

The preliminary striding up the foot-hills may make your temples throb. Here, then, you are not really fit. Your wind is not perfect; your heart may not have been exercised in this way sufficiently.

You rest half-way up, just before you enter rougher ground. From above you comes a mountain stream, and this you are about to ascend.

At the outset you will find that working up a mountain stream or rocky gorge is a perilous business. It is all balance, and spring—or else a fall and a wetting.

From stone to stone you leap, your arms whirl, your free leg swings, your back bends and then stiffens as you lean first this way and then that way.

You are getting some very fine physical exercise. By the time you have gone a mile or two in this way you will welcome a little smooth going.

The test has tired you. It has given you exercises that no combination of tables, chairs, or even an equipped gymnasium can supply.

Hill-climbing is one of the best aids to perfect physical condition. Try it.

A LEG EXERCISE.

Stand erect with the heels together, place the hands on the hips and rise on the toes.

Now sink down, as shown in the sketch, until you are almost sitting on your heels, being careful to keep the body as upright as possible and the chest thrown out. To ensure the latter, force the elbows backwards as hard as you can.

Having got your balance in this position, transfer the weight to the left leg, and shoot the right leg smartly forwards, straightening it so that the heel rests on the ground.

The Frog Step.

The first time you try this, you will very probably collapse, but practice, as in all things, makes perfect, and the process of learning to perform the exercise will aid the development of the legs greatly.

Having successfully accomplished the first part of the exercise, return the right foot to the side of the other, and repeat the movement with the left leg.

Keep the body as steady as you can all the time, and do not bend forward or bob up and down more than you can help.

The exercise may often be seen on the music-hall stage performed as a sort of dance by acrobats. It is really easier to do it quickly in this way, as there is less time to overbalance while the leg is being extended, but in any case exceptionally strong nether limbs are required.

The parts especially benefited are the thighs, and the knees and ankles.

POLE-JUMPING.

It would be a splendid thing for all physical culturists if they would go in for the old, but much neglected, sport of pole-jumping.

Apart from its sheer fun, it is splendid exercise.

The preliminary run, the mounting in the air, the careful arm and body work while in the air, and the difficulties of alighting not only safely, but gracefully and without damaging the pole or casting it carelessly aside, demand a tremendous amount of knack and considerable muscular strength.

To be able to control one's action when off one's feet is a matter of no little difficulty.

The feat of the gymnast who can just splash with his feet the surface of a bath of water, in jumping over it, and then make a second effort in mid-air, and clear the bath, is an excellent example of what can be done in the way of aerial effort.

Pole-jumping, to be well done, requires a certain degree of ability to keep command of one's limbs when in the air.

Most of us jump and trust to luck. Few men keep their heads when in the air.

Take a long jump, and after landing try and recollect your sensations, if any, when off the ground. A confused thrill, without distinct consciousness of the act of "flight," is all that most of us feel.

Pole-jumping gives a wonderful suppleness to the whole body. It increases the power of the leg muscles, and gives one a spring like a tiger's.

Moreover, as one is dependent on one's arms for guidance when in the air, it increases the grip, and the control of the whole body by means of the arms and shoulders.

At present the sport is too much restricted to the North of England, but if its fine qualities as an exercise were realised, it would become far more popular in the South.

FOR ARMS AND SHOULDERS

Stand at attention with hands by the sides.

Clench the fists and tense the arm muscles, extend the arms in front of the body, so that the hands are on a level with the shoulders, and then twist the arms until the backs of the hands are touching as shown in the sketch.

Now open the arms slowly outwards, keeping them still at the shoulder-level, and still with the muscles tensed.

Bring them right round until they are in line with the shoulders, and continue the movement without dropping them, until you have forced them as far back as they can be made to go.

Then relax the muscles and drop the arms to the side, without returning them to the position illustrated.

The biceps and triceps as well as the wrist and forearms will be greatly developed by this exercise, and it is also an invaluable chest expander and cure for round backs.

AN ARMY EXERCISE.

An exercise which is much in favour with physical drill-instructors in the Army is illustrated in the sketch.

Stand erect and place the hands on the hips with the thumbs to the rear. Hollow the back and throw out the chest.

Now raise the right leg from the ground and extend it backwards as far as you can, letting the body come slightly forward as you do so.

Concentrate your mind on it.

The body should, however, remain rather more erect than the artist has depicted it in the accompanying sketch, but you should aim at keeping it absolutely upright throughout, it will be quite impossible to do so when the leg is forced back. When you can go no further, return to the starting position, and repeat with the left leg.

The exercise is a splendid one for developing the muscles of the leg, and at the same time extremely simple.

It should be done about half a dozen times a day with each leg, and as slowly as possible.

MY SYSTEM IS

ON TOP!

This is an accepted fact, acknowledged and guaranteed by the Editors of the following magazines:

"THE MODERN MAN."
"HEALTH & STRENGTH" Magazine Physical Culture. | "APOLLO'S" .. .. Magazine Physical Culture
"C. B. FRY'S" .. .. " " " | "HEALTH AND VIM" " "

C. B. FRY, Esq., England's Premier Athlete, says: "You may try Mr. Inch's system with every confidence."

THE STRONGEST MAN ON EARTH (Arthur Saxon) says:

"I will personally undertake, from my knowledge of your course, that each pupil who enrolls will be entirely satisfied with results."

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endorse these statements, and I think that the above proves that my system has, by sheer merit, climbed to the top of the Physical Culture ladder of fame.

IF YOU SUFFER

from any physical defect or ailment, or desire improved strength and development, in your own interests you should get in touch with me. To the average Physical Culturist or business man I offer a splendid investment. Individual attention guaranteed. My book is free! Write now, and ask for "HEALTH AT HOME" and terms for special course.

THOMAS INCH, Physical Culture Expert, Dept. M.M. The Broadway, Fulham, London, S.W.

HIPKINS ON GAMES.

HOW HE BROUGHT DISCORD INTO THE CLUB.

Hipkins is great on parlour games; at least, he fancies that he is. He will talk for hours if he can only get a listener. Here's a sample of the stuff:

"Draughts is a fine game—dates back a bit, too—as it was invented by the monks, hence its name——"

"Shut up," I say. "You're talking chess, not draughts."

He's silent for a minute, then he starts again. This time it is chess. To hear him you would think he was one of the champions.

"I could play as well blindfolded," Hipkins says, with an air.

He could, too, for he's the biggest muff that ever set up a chess board.

He knows the difference between a pawn and a bishop, and when you've said that, you've said all there is to say about his capabilities as a chess player.

Every new man who comes to our club is challenged by Hipkins to a game of chess or draughts. If the former is decided on, he insists on his opponent is able to remember which of the pieces can travel backwards as well as forwards.

If he does not show his opponent points in chess or draughts, he does give him a lesson in patience!

"Cards," says Hipkins, "have a fascination for fools."

That's because he can't understand whist, and never wins at bridge.

Somebody suggested that he stuck to solitaire, for then nobody would be upset, but Hipkins is a sociable soul, and he refuses.

"That's the beauty of parlour games, they're so friendly," he beams like another Pickwick through very large glasses.

Friendly! I've known Hipkins make a night at the club as noisy and quarrelsome as an Irish fair.

The other night a man walked in and asked if any of us played cribbage. Of course, Hipkins said he did.

They began all right—at least, the stranger did, but when it came to Hipkins's turn he got "nervy," or something, and I'm willing to wager a silk hat that nobody ever played like it before or since.

"I didn't ask a madman to play with me," roared the stranger, and Hipkins got the corner of the board in his eye, for the stranger was exceeding wroth.

Then things got lively, for Hipkins is not to be insulted, and we had a round parlour game that evening, I can tell you.

Nobody mentions cribbage to Hipkins now. It's a sad, sad story," and we have never replaced the cribbage board.

Hipkins is posing as an authority on billiards now, and all we hope is that no billiard player who is also a crack billiard player will ever look in at our club. If Hipkins could rile a mere cribbage player, what would he do to a billiard champion?

It will be Hipkins's last cue, says the club wag.

The various parlour forms of outdoor games find an enthusiastic follower in Hipkins, as far as the talking goes, but it is no use for him to play golf on a table than on the links if you have no genius for golf.

Somebody offered to teach Hipkins three-handed whist, but after three solid hours they gave it up.

Hipkins will require eternity in which to learn any form of whist. You cannot even "drive" him.

Hipkins is developing into another sort of bore. He propounds riddles, whereof he has forgotten the answers.

The last state of Hipkins promises to be worse than the first.

SIGISMUND SMITH.

HAIR LIKE THIS FREE.

WELL-KNOWN LONDON MERCHANT'S OFFER.

"LET ME SEND YOU MY HAIR-GROWING SECRET, AND YOU WILL THEN KNOW HOW TO GROW A GLORIOUS HEAD OF HAIR, FROM ONE-THIRD TO ONE-HALF THICKER AND LONGER THAN IT IS NOW."

Every morning Mr. J. Craven-Burleigh, in his London office, opposite the British Museum, opens letters of thanks from ladies and gentlemen who, as the result of learning his hair-growing secret, have grown hair one-third to one-half thicker and longer than it was before.

The discoverer of this secret, Mr. J. Craven-Burleigh, is a well-known London business man, who has specialised in the study of the structure, growth, decay, and diseases of the hair, and who formulates his present marvellously successful specifics for hair-growth after years of patient and costly scientific experimentation. One need only spend a few hours in his office any day to realise that there is not one single atom of exaggeration in his present claim to increase hair-growth in the ratio of from one-third to one-half its present quantity, and to improve its quality and appearance by 75 per cent.

Letters, photographs, and callers all testify enthusiastically to this fact.

Take, for instance, the strikingly telling photograph reproduced here. This is only one of thousands of young women who delightedly point to Mr. Craven-Burleigh as the man who has improved their hair to an almost incredible degree. But elderly and middle-aged gentlemen—whose hair was weak, brittle, falling out, or who were the victims of partial or total baldness—have also expressed their gladness and gratitude for what Mr. Craven-Burleigh's famous hair preparation and treatment has done to restore their scanty, faded, falling, or fallen locks to health and strength once more. They have written lengthy and expressive letters of thanks, and in many cases have sent photographic evidence to support their statements.

TRUE HAIR GROWER.

Now, in order that others may test the growth-inducing qualities of his TRUE HAIR-GROWER—the most potent hair-growing preparation in the world, Mr. Craven-Burleigh makes the following offer free. But let the discoverer now speak for himself. "I wish," he says, "that all those who suffer from hair troubles of any kind—especially those who suffer from thin, weak, diseased, and falling hair—would write to me at once, and I will send them a package containing:—

1. A large trial supply of the now world-known preparation for the hair — the famous Craven-Burleigh True Hair-Grower, which has won Government approbation in the form of special Gold Medals.

2. A cake of my Special Scalp Soap, the only really scientific and hygienic scalp-cleansing preparation, far more effective, and entailing no risk such as you run by the use of many dangerous and harmful shampoo mixtures.

3. Complete Instructions for the Craven-Burleigh Hair treatment, which grows new hair in 14 days, and increases hair-growth from 33 1-3 to 50 per cent.

All I ask in return for this offer is that applicants have the courtesy to enclose with their applications three penny stamps to defray cost of postage, packing, &c. (six halfpenny stamps for preference), as the heavy expenses of preparation, instructions, printing are all borne by me—to prove the confidence I have in my preparations and system of hair-growth.

THIS SHILLING BOOK FREE.

Furthermore, in order that everyone may understand the why and the wherefore of methods of treatment—why, that is, my True Hair-Grower grows new hair in 14 days, and improves its growth from one-third to one-half—I will also send absolutely gratis and post free a copy of my new book, published at one shilling, called "The Book of the Hair," to every applicant for the above package. This is A REAL BOOK—not a mere brochure or pamphlet. It is a popularly-written, but sound, scientific work of 100 pages, dealing with the structure of the hair, its growth and culture, and the cure of all hair and scalp diseases. It cannot be described in detail here, but a few of the subjects treated in it are:—

(a) The Hair: Its Structure and Functions.

(b) The Cause of Baldness and Greyness in the Hair and their Cure.

(c) About Hair Restorers, Hair Dyes, and Soaps that Destroy the Hair.

(d) How Hair and Scalp Diseases are Contracted and their Cure.

(e) All about Hairdressing, Brushing, Combing, and the care of the Hair.

(f) Curious Facts, Notions, and Hints about the Hair.

Not the least interesting feature of this book are the very striking illustrations, of which there are thirteen, from special drawings and photographs taken by a famous micro-photograph expert through the microscope. Altogether the book is a help, a guide, indeed a necessity for all those who value pretty, luxuriant, and healthy hair.

Every package and book will be dispatched on the same day as the application is received, and the address to which the letters and threepence in stamps should be posted is:—

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G. W. E. D.

Cheques	£	s.	d.
16636	15	16	6
16753	36	15	0
17006	20	0	0
17219	30	0	0
17570	36	17	6
17807	18	0	0
18311	16	0	0
18461	25	0	0
18694	84	15	3
18905	37	0	0
19151	37	10	0
Total	£357	14	3

J. A. D.

Cheques	£	s.	d.
16572	49	10	0
16673	14	0	0
16708	30	0	0
16737	14	10	0
18994	30	0	0
19048	13	0	0
19101	18	17	0
19262	30	10	0
19359	46	10	0
19417	14	16	6
Total	£291	13	6

J. A. B.

Cheques	£	s.	d.
16511	120	0	0
16722	43	15	0
17194	31	5	0
17259	20	0	0
17330	100	0	0
17366	50	0	0
17409	70	7	6
17561	70	0	0
17627	80	9	0
17743	15	0	0
18803	178	2	6
19000	10	0	0
Total	£788	19	0

R. B.

Cheques	£	s.	d.
16891	45	0	0
17519	120	0	0
17747	80	0	0
19438	40	0	0
Total	£285	0	0

G. C.

Cheques	£	s.	d.
16714	38	15	0
16997	37	5	10
17057	30	0	0
17078	48	15	0
17016	20	0	0
17137	10	0	0
17186	15	12	6
17225	20	0	0
17393	9	10	0
17437	10	0	0
17496	16	17	6
17638	32	18	9
17901	19	15	0
17951	24	7	6
18096	10	0	0
18132	7	18	0
18401	16	5	0
18458	63	2	6
18528	10	0	0
18569	20	8	9
18965	11	5	0
19223	85	5	0
Total	£559	0	6

T. B.

Cheques	£	s.	d.
16833	31	10	0
16880	21	0	0
17017	33	0	0
17097	18	10	0
17144	8	15	0
17192	31	10	0
17399	26	5	0
17935	18	10	0
Total	£189	0	0

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361.

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BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

VERY SMALL THINGS.

Doubtless the millionaire or the man whose business is thoroughly established can afford to indulge in foibles and to be inattentive to the little points of comfort of those who do business with him, but the man who is still struggling to build up a business—and it is for him that I am writing—must give attention to what appears to be the merest trifles.

I have in my mind the fastening of a certain shop door. Originally this door was fixed simply with an ordinary knob latch. The latest occupant of the shop, regarding the knob as old fashioned, has had a modern catch of the familiar lever type fitted above it. He has had the knob latch pushed back and fixed so that it does not work, but he has not had the knob removed.

The result is, as he himself has confessed to me, that more than half his customers try to open the door by means of the knob, for it is in the more convenient position. Only when they fail to open it in that way do they try the lever above.

When I mentioned the matter to him, after having been annoyed myself, he laughed and said: "It's very funny that people should try to turn that knob. There's no need to do it."

He was the type of shopkeeper to whom one could never teach wisdom. He did not realise that every customer who had difficulty in opening his door necessarily came into the shop harbouring a slight grievance. All the shopkeeper saw was the humour of the thing. He did not appreciate the fact that the customers who had been ruffled were not in the proper humour for buying.

You know what the humour for buying is, for you have probably felt it yourself. You have some money in your pocket, of which you are not in need, and when the humour for buying comes upon you you look about the shop to see whether there is anything else that you could do with. But this humour for buying never affects a man when he is in a bad temper, and I can see that shopkeeper putting up his shutters at no late date.

While on the subject of door-handles I may mention that it is unwise to have one of complicated type, or one that necessitates a notice such as this: "To open press handle upwards." It tends to irritate customers who like to pass in and out freely.

I have in mind an office, the passages of which are paved with slabs of marble. The appearance is certainly pleasing, and such paving should doubtless be serviceable as well as beautiful if the surface of it were roughened as it should be. As a matter of fact, however, the passages in that particular office are so extremely smooth that to walk along them is like walking on ice.

I mentioned the matter once to the man who owns the building, and, like the shopkeeper I have told you of, he laughed.

"Everybody slips at some time or another," he said. "It's a wonder to me that there have never been any serious accidents."

The wonder, so far as I was concerned, was that he did not take steps to have the slipperiness of the passages removed. For him to have them in this dangerous condition could serve no purpose, and I am certain that it must have annoyed many possible clients; and it is not the object of the wise business man to annoy in any way those from whom he may possibly draw money.

R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

FINANCE.

(In this column we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.—EDITOR.)

OIL SHARES.

Many correspondents are asking my opinion of oil shares in general. They will be the next to boom, in my opinion.

When rubber is dead—and that means when the City has promoted all the companies it wishes—oil shares will be the next to claim attention. Already one can see them bubbling with activity but it is useless until the public is cured of rubberitis.

Oil is the fuel of the future in the Navy in place of coal.

AMERICANS.

There are one or two reasons, in my opinion, for the dullness of Americans.

For one thing, conditions have been rather unsettled across the water. Moreover, the usual speculating public has given most of its attention to the Rubber Share Market.

It is, however, unusual for Yankees to be dull for long, and, seeing that conditions are improving, I expect a general advance very shortly.

PREMIUM BONDS.—F. A. (Hyde).—Write to Messrs. N. Keiser and Co, 29, Threadneedle Street, E.C., who are able to give you any information you may require about Premium Bonds and drawings. You can ask them for a price, and compare it with the offer made you.

CHAMPION & SLEE, LTD., ORD.—H. L. G. (Westbourne Park).—I know nothing of the company. I do not suppose there is any free market in the shares, but I should advise you to ask your broker to get you a price for them. The price would be an indication to you of the position. In your place I should certainly invest the money in some sound Building Company.

STOCK UNION SYSTEM.—"Sports."—I should have nothing to do with the "Stock Union" system, the circular of which you send me. The "profits" certainly look big.

CALL OPTION.—W. G. M. (Manchester).—If you have a Call Option on London and North-Western Railway Stock, which expires shortly, and which has not yet shown you any profit, do you not think it would be rather absurd not to hold it? You have paid your option money: and you are under no further liability whatever you do. If you close your option now, it is finished with: if you wait until the day it expires, you may have an opportunity of exercising it at a profit if it goes over 136¼. That is the idea of the option method; your liability is limited, and you have all the thirty days to see a better price.

OIL SHARES.—H. R. (Groombridge).—In your case I should advise you not to buy any of the present oil shares, but to subscribe for any promising new company and pay the calls on the shares as they become due.

OIL AND RUBBER SHARES.—J. S. T. (Windermere).—I think the three shares you give me would be a good spec. I do not know of any publication devoted to oil shares. Until latterly there has not been much interest in oil companies. You would find, however, such details in the Stock Exchange Year Book.

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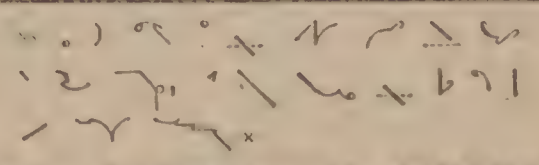

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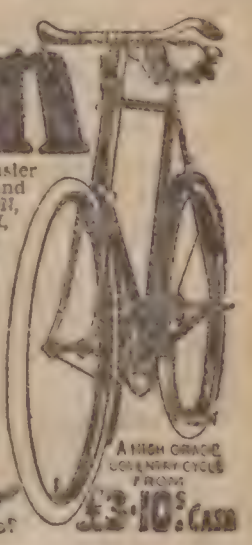

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By J. F. JAMESON.

IX. A LAUGH AT LOVE.

I.

The broad highway that stretches southward from the yellow-painted stable-yard gates of that famed hostelry, the "Waggon and Horses," where one John King is mine host, is not without its touch of romance. On the Market Malbury road romance has appeared in many parts—sometimes upon the box-seat of a coach, sometimes behind the splash-board of a gig, and oft a-horse.

A sign-writer of admirable talent, and an aptitude for black enamel flourishes has stated in large letters upon the afore-mentioned stable-gates that John King has a livery and bait stable patronised by the nobility and gentry; that carriages are supplied; that traps may be hired—and all at the shortest notice, on application to the head ostler.

Now, as Burgess was the only man employed in those livery and bait stables, it must be concluded that he was the "head" ostler. Added to this, he was stableman, yardman, groom, or coachman, as Fate decided.

A month's arduous and conscientious work had revealed none of the nobility and gentry referred to on the stable gates. Yet Burgess had not found time hanging too idly upon his hands.

Mine host of the "Waggon and Horses" drove to Market Malbury regularly twice a week, on Saturdays and market days. Also here were young men from London, "on the road," who possessed large card cases, copper-plate business-cards, and a liberal allowance for "expenses," out of which every commercial traveller worthy of the name contrives to make a small percentage of profit by judicious management, fondly imagining that "the firm" does not know it. Added to this class of patron of the "Waggon and Horses" stables, were desultory "jobs" of varied descriptions.

When, as twilight fell, Burgess returned, he was invariably greeted by his companion in good fortune, one Roy McClure, the fiddler who was attached to the court (otherwise known as the bar-parlour) of His Majesty King John (otherwise know as John King—licensed to sell beer, wine and spirits to be consumed on the premises).

Then they would partake of tea together—a meal sent in a white-cloth-covered basket from the kitchen of the "Waggon and Horses."

"By George, Burgess," observed their Majesty's musician one evening, as he lifted that white cloth, "they do you uncommon well."

He extracted a stone jar in which there was cress—cress and hard boiled eggs cut in yellow and white circles.

"Cress, it certainly ran to when the fair Anna was good-tempered," said Mr. McClure, "but boiled eggs—never. Burgess, my boy——" the fiddler winked. "Thou art a wily knave, methinks."

"Drop the Middle Ages," said Burgess—he was still searching the basket—"and what price this for a tribute to personal claims?"

It was a jar of anchovy paste. The fiddler regarded it with glee.

"Not since I left London," said he. "Don't speak to me, laddie. *You* may have the fair Anna. But hand me the anchovy, man, hand me the anchovy."

"Decent of the fair Anna, anyway," said Burgess, making himself a sandwich.

"The surest road to a man's heart," said the fiddler thickly, "is by way of his stomach."

"She is sixty-five, but kind-hearted," said Tom Burgess, munching, "calls me 'my son,' and tells me every day to beware of the eternal feminine, and Sweet Seventeen in particular."

He laughed. "Not I!" said he.

"That's sealed your fate, boy," said McClure gravely. "You've laughed at Love."

And thus it came to pass that Tom Burgess met Love on the highway.

* * * * * * *

Now, it was the proud boast of the jovial host of the "Waggon and Horses" that he owned as smart a turn-out as Market Malbury ever saw on the Wednesday market days.

It was a high, yellow gig drawn by a brown-harnessed chestnut that excited the envy and the approving eye of the horsey men, from squires to dealers, who were familiar figures outside Malbury's Corn Exchange.

"Our idea, lad," was the jovial Mr. John King's unfailing warning to Burgess overnight, "is to knock 'em—see—improve their eyesight! Our motto being 'forrard' (werry good motto, that), it don't do to have the shine taken out of us in any way, neither in our 'arness nor our 'osses. Smallmouth, now, *I* reckon is a spanker. Best bit o' blood in Leicestershire (of his class, mind ye, of his class). Now then, don't forget, Burgess. Repeat our motto in full——"

"Forrard, sir!" Burgess would answer, and, imbued with the enthusiasm of the best-hearted innkeeper and old-time sportsman in the county, he would try to add further polish to the brilliant harness.

Smallmouth, a fine cobby-looking chestnut, was worthy of the attention bestowed on him by Tom Burgess. Burgess had had him under his charge but three weeks when a young man blessed with an ancestral hall some miles from Malbury, offered the host of the "Wagon and Horses" a tempting price for her. Yet Burgess had the pleasure of driving over to that ancestral hall and delivering to the newly arrived Mr. Clem Tyer a note containing John King's laboriously-written refusal. Then that turn-out caught the eye of Farmer Jellis, a man who had made money when farming paid in England. He wished to buy it for his daughter Hazel, who was returning after some years of girlhood spent in housekeeping for her elder brother. He even sent the girl—it was unfair, for she was of the sort that melt hard hearts—to persuade John King.

"He wishes to make me a present of it, you see, Mr. King," said she, and laughed lightly.

Yet for the bluff John King the day had come when a good horse was more to him than the smile of feminine eyes. He answered ev that Mr. Clem Tyer had offered more Yes, Clem Tyer was rich.

In answer to a naïve enquiry, Mr. John further observed that for all his riches Mr Tyer was not *very* much to look at.

The spirit of democracy rose in the b John King.

"Why—why, my groom is better-lookin said.

"I have never seen your groom," said Jellis simply. The tone was meant to reproof, but delicate sentiment was ever lost on John King.

II.

At the stable-gates of the "Waggs Horses" Mr. John King had, amid a amount of puffing, climbed into the gig. sporting a brand new pair of driving glo splendently in tone with the harness, sat raised driver's seat. They tucked the rug him—the lightest of flicks and away!

They bowled along silently on the ru wheels, oblivious of all else but the p panorama of the green countryside, the ke and the measured clock-a-clock of the hoofs red-maned Smallmouth—Smallmouth, wh stepping it out daintily for his stable's reput

"Tell ye—tell ye——," Mr. John King forward as they negotiated a sharp rise ground over which a dog-cart, evidently dri a lady, had disappeared, "Tell ye, Sma' 'o anything beat us. Bet you'll 'ave to 'old Burgess, top o' this bit."

He was a true prophet. The sound of ahead was ever an incentive to Smallmo attempt to pull his driver's arms out of sockets.

The trap driven by the lady was only run slowly Malburywards. Smallmouth pass the steadiest pace at which Burgess could him—but he had the reins wound round hands and he was obviously sweating big dr

Old John King raised his hat in courtly fa and motioned Burgess to pull up.

"Lookin' bright as a new button this m my dear," said Mr. King. It is a privilege gentlemen that they may compliment the yo without shame.. "Dad gone up?"

"East wind—gout, Mr. King," laughed Jellis—and turned her gaze, not without re upon the smart young man on the right trap.

"So I've to drive all by myself, you see said deprecatingly.

"Then I don't know what the dev—— the young fellers hereabouts are doing," sa King, unreservedly.

"Driving themselves, I expect," sa Jellis. Again Burgess thought he caught glance. Smallmouth was pawing the groun lessly and threatening to back . . . felt something tingling in his veins, and h he knew, was scarlet. He let Smallmouth nearly making a double-event of the same ment with his employer.

"Gosh, boy," said Mr. King, "be careful old bones for the good Lord's sake . . . we're goin' too fast."

Smallmouth, after some persuasion, was re to his high-stepping trot, and, in style, the into Market Malbury.

That morning was a hazy time for Bu Mechanically he answered questions an changed nods with the leisured ones who ported the gate-posts of the "King's A stable-yard.

Market Malbury is one of those few pla England that are never really awake. Its p day is merely a vivid part of its perpetual d Burgess was content to dream along with M Malbury.

His thoughts were of a girl in a dog-cart a girl in a fawn driving-coat who vague proached indefinite young men who were themselves." . . .

It was the head ostler of the "King's Arms who came to him, dug him smartly in th and informed him that he could "get along h

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"All right," said Burgess.

"Your boss is going to drive a couple o' gents ... in the gig. You'll have to walk."

"All right," said Burgess, dreamily.

"He's stayin' to the Farmers' Dinner, and *you* know what Farmers' Dinners are. Shouldn't be surprised if you have a few scratches to polish off that gig in the mornin'——"

"All right," said Burgess.

The ostler dropped him with a snarl.

Burgess pulled himself together, took his ash stick from beneath the seat of the gig that stood under the tall-roofed shelter, gave a final look at the chestnut in the stall, and departed from Market Bunbury homewards.

He was a mile on the way when the sound of a disorganised gallop and the rumble of wheels behind him caused him to turn. Momentarily he caught a glimpse of a fawn coat beyond the splashboard of a dog-cart. . . . Also there were the despairing cries. The horse danced and reared, and the next moment Burgess had the bridle tightly grasped under the mouth.

"Oh, thank you, Mr.—Mr. Tyer," said a feminine voice faintly.

Burgess did not notice the brevet rank conferred upon him.

"Perhaps, Miss Jellis," said he, "I can drive you. This horse wants managing, evidently."

"Oh, thank you," said the lady.

* * * * *

An hour later Burgess returned, to find the ostler at the harness-house, affixing a new string to a violin.

The King's musician rose and vacated Burgess's seat. The young man collapsed rather limply into it, and said no word.

"Fine day, boy," said the fiddler gaily, "I saw you driving past with the lady. Did I not warn you? Did I not laughed at Love——"

"And now," said Burgess, "Love laughs at me——"

The "King's Musician" desisted from his occupation of screwing up a peg, and gazed blankly at him. "Master of Horse."

"As you drove by," said he, "I thought you were——"

He paused.

"Oh, going rather well." There was a tinge of bitterness in Burgess's voice, and a little sorrow. "Oh, hang it, man," he said at length. "It's too long to explain. She thought Clem Tyer had brought the gig and the chestnut. . . ."

"I see. Thought it was Clem Tyer who was giving His Majesty a lift to market this morning. I saw her go by first. Of course, you caught her."

"Oh, yes. Well, anyway, I'll give it you in her own words. She——"

"Oh, brave it out man."

Burgess laughed and went on with an obvious effort.

"She said, she thought I was a gentleman!"

The fiddler placed his instrument upon a convenient shelf above the cupboard where the soup-composition, the metal-polishes, and the cake were kept.

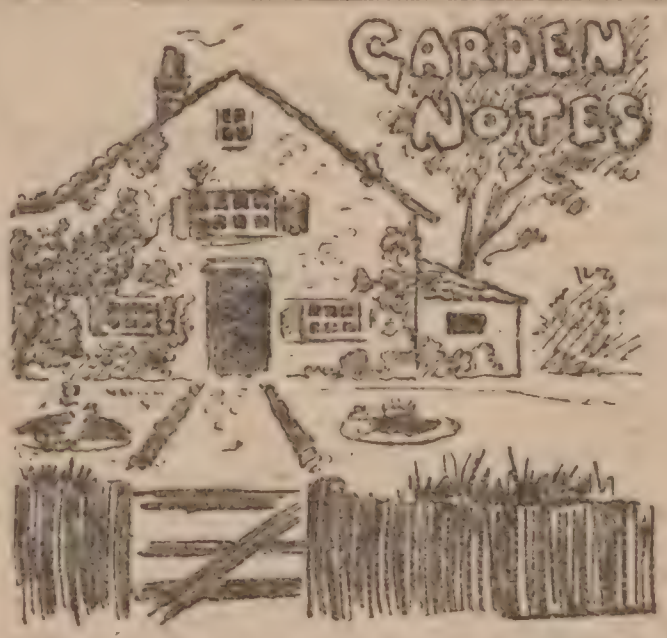
Then he crossed over to Burgess. His slender hand gripped the young man's broad shoulder.

"I never thought," said he, "that there was such appreciate perception in any woman."

Another of these stories will appear next week.—EDITOR.]

THE MUSIC-HALL BOUNDER.

For years there has been an outcry against the bounder in theatres. It is now time to call attention to an objectionable type of male music-hall frequenter. He bawls forth the chorus in the ear of the person in front of him, and beats time upon his seat. He makes audible remarks in a loud voice, and he puts out his feet on both sides to the great inconvenience of his neighbours. He is a person to whom managers would be very well advised to refuse admission.



The gardener's tools form a subject of some interest to the beginner, who is often under the impression that an outlay of vast sums is necessary if he is to do anything with his garden.

But, as a matter of fact, the requirements are very modest. The really expensive things are the mowing-machine and roller, which may cost some two pounds each. But if these, and perhaps a wheel-barrow and hose, be shared by two or three neighbours, as I suggested last week, not only is the cost greatly reduced, but the amount of space required.

The absolute necessities are a trowel, which will cost about fourpence, a spade and fork, which can be quite serviceable at half-a-crown apiece, a watering-can, and a rake, which will cost "a penny a prong." A hoe is useful, especially if the garden is a newly-made one, and a "trug" or wooden basket is also handy for the transportation of roots and soil.

* * * * * * *

For the man who has a fancy for climbing roses—perhaps I should say for roses that climb, in case I should be suspected of referring to an acrobatic lunatic—the Wichuraiana rose is most strongly to be recommended.

There are various new varieties of it, and it is a quick as well as a luxuriant grower. It is extremely beautiful even before the blossoms appear, which is more than can be said for many roses.

One of the best varieties is the yellow-flowered *François Foucarda* hardy rose, which may be grown on a pillar, trellis, or the side of a house, and will be a mass of blossom through the summer.

* * * * * * *

The vine deserves to be more used as a creeper than it is in England. It is generally supposed that it will not grow in our climate creeper than it is in England. It is generally supposed it will not grow in our climate but this it not so, and, given a south aspect, it will not only grow but flourish exceedingly. The fruit may or may not come to anything, and the grapes may never ripen, but they will nevertheless appear, and a grape-vine in fruit is an exceedingly beautiful covering for any house.

It does not, like the ivy, retain its leaves through the winter, but even the brown gnarled stems have a certain beauty of their own.

* * * * * * *

There is no better way of obtaining a fine show of colour than to fill a bed with pansies or violas. If you have several small beds, each may contain violas of different colours, which should be grown in the first instance from cuttings or from seed, and should be cut down every year after flowering.

The difference between pansy and viola puzzles many. It is a matter of habit rather than form. The pansy produces a few large blooms, while the viola produces a more bushy growth and smaller flowers. The Latin name Viola properly includes the violet, but is usually restricted to the so-called "Tufted Pansy."

B. STAINER.

THE LAST STRAW.

If two men come to blows, onlookers are wont to observe sententiously that they should have aired their grievances in the proper way, in court; but it is not always possible to do this with dignity. There are situations in everyday life when a fight is absolutely imperative.

Most of our readers will remember a recent case when a journalist was struck in the face in a public place. This, in the opinion of the aggressor, was one of those situations. But perhaps the most cogent is when one is approached by that most loathsome of human parasites, the blackmailer.

No better advice could be given than that of a very famous judge, now dead. If everybody had the courage when blackmailed, to smash his tormentor in the face and give him in charge, there would be far less of the foul traffic done.

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.....

Men of the Marshes

A FENLAND SKETCH.

When, after a few weeks of work in town without a sight of the country, I am at last compelled to clear out for a week-end, just to make certain that I have lost none of what I call my "rural faculties," I usually go to as far-away a spot as I can possibly find.

I know a great many such places, where the fever of hurry never infects the people, and where even the first business of the scattered population is so pleasant as to be entered into by one and all with a zest and a relish that is usually only exhibited by townsfolk over football and elections.

DUCK-SHOOTING.

The reason is that the chief business in life of those who live where I spend my week-ends is intimately associated with the wide marshes and the expanse of fenland. Ask any one of the tough fellows—you will only meet about a dozen in my part—what his business is and he will reply at once "duck-shooting."

Now, duck-shooting to most of us is a pleasure. To these men it is work, but it is work in which they find an infinitely greater amount of pleasure than most people do in their sports. And of all times of the year now is the period when this fierce delight is most clearly exhibited.

The marsh gunners—the men who earn their living with great heavy guns—know well enough that not one of the sharp spells of frost may be neglected at this end of the season. Quite soon enough the weather will break into spring mildness, and no fowl will be within range of a Woolwich "infant," let alone a marshman's breechloader.

A VISIT TO THE "CURLEW."

I had the good fortune to run down to the little hamlet a few weeks ago just when the weather was indulging in one of its pretences at winter. The one little farm-house received me as usual, and I had hardly lifted my bag out of the cart that brought it the seven miles roundabout from the station—I had walked across the marshes, a short cut of two miles or a little more—before I had put on my country boots and a warm enveloping short reefer coat of thick blue blanket wool, and was striding off along the hard road to the "Curlew," in whose bar-parlour I was ready to bet, had anybody been within betting range, that at least half a dozen marsh gunners would be found fretting with impatience for the morrow and a day's work in the solitudes of the marshes and tidal waters.

I should have won my bet, for when I entered the door of the "Curlew" I could hear the delicious local dialect and recognised the voices of several whom I knew of old. Sure enough there was quite a gathering of them, great, grisly, tough fellows in the prime of life. Every man jack of them was as excited as a child on Christmas Eve, for the day had given no signs of a thaw and the afternoon dusk fell silently and with a piercing chill over all out of doors.

The parlour was a warm and homely place. The walls were covered with cases of stuffed fowl, both common and rare, shot and preserved by the landlord when he, too, used to go down on the lowlands in oilskins and carrying a heavy, old-fashioned gun that now hung from the beam in the parlour ceiling.

STRONG SCENTS.

A powerful odour of strong tobacco, somewhat modified by the scent of newly-drawn ale, filled the place. The men, or such of them as I knew, gave me a friendly nod, which in these parts is equivalent to a hearty welcome, and we all settled down to discussing the prospects to-morrow.

Recollections of former bags, when snipe and teal and widgeon and fowl of many other sorts had come crowding into the shallows and dykes during hard spells, went round and round, every man addressing his neighbour with the familiar and friendly "bor," signifying "boy" hereabouts.

From their conversation it was easy to see that they all knew the land and water far better than most Londoners know the Strand. Every ditch and field and plank-bridge and windmill had its name, and to every feature in the countryside there attached some story of sport or flood or gossip. Now and then one of the party would drain his two-handled mug and walk anxiously out, stooping at the doorways and the beams, to peer into the growing darkness, anxious lest the promise of a "stiff 'un" in the way of frost should not be maintained from hour to hour.

IMPATIENT FOR THE MORNING.

As his returning footsteps were heard, a lull would come in the talk, and all eyes were turned to the door with the question plainly on every face: "What of the night, bor, and our chances of sport?"

And the report was favourable. The sky remained clear, there was no wind, the frost was keen. And then the mugs were filled again, and for an hour, relieved of all anxiety, the talk would flow again, but ever on the wild-fowl and the great days each man had known.

Not till the last minute before closing time did a man stir, for bed seemed a tedious business, and the morrow seemed very far away.

An hour earlier than usual women were astir in that scattered marshland hamlet the following morning, and great breakfasts of herring, and pork, and cheese, and immense cups of tea were consumed by many a gunner, fortifying himself against a long and vigorous day's work. Some hardly dared to look from their cottage windows, fearful lest the frost had broken.

THE SPORTSMAN'S WILES.

But the frost had held, and seven or eight marshmen, muffled up against the cold, each carrying his gun, and well provided with cartridges, went seven or eight different ways down upon the marshes.

Some sought the tidal waters and went to and fro in long punts. Others took up fixed positions in cunningly devised reed-huts. Yet others struck out for the land levels, and all were soon scattered over the levels where they were lost to view in the grey-green expanse, visible only to the keen-sighted wild-fowl, and not always even to these, as the proved a few hours later.

It was one of the bitterest days I hav spent. A light north-east wind had rise the dawn and gave to the air a sharpne cut up every exposed surface of skin.

THE DAY'S WORK.

All day long from several points a'o levels I heard intermittent firing, gun a ing to gun across the open spaces. W field-glasses—always with me on coun peditions—I now and again "picked flock on the water, and once watch breathless suspense the far-away punt œuvring for a shot.

Keeping to the gentle rising ground, I a wide circle of the marshes on foo reached the snug farm in time to e tremendous tea as the evening drew

Then to the "Curlew's" parlour a rest before the fire and a pipe. The men had found their way back again w onset of night, which, as a good old p has it, is "a good shepherd, for it all creatures home."

HOME WITH THE BAG.

They had not come empty-handed for down upon the stone floor, in several were the results of the day's work and There are few more attractive sights keen sportsman than a well-filled b waterfowl. The varieties of plu quaint and peculiar formations of beak and leg and wing, and the every bird worth shooting carries it, all make the sight one of quite interest.

The men were tired, they spoke sh with less excitement than on the night, and all were in haste to swallow count the bag, and consign it to the

But I never saw a more satisfied sportsmen in my life. They had had day, and they were all turning in to-morrow promised sport just as ge such business must not be missed, chances were few as the season wa

R. J. Wi

BOOKING-OFFICE BUGBEARS.

Here is a situation which generally fill busy toilers with feelings ranging from melancholy to a naughty outburst of temp

You have been late over your breakfast say, and you tear off to the station, urged the recollection of the quietly nasty w employer said to you the last time you w As you dash into the station you hear the of any approaching train. If you ta ticket quickly you will just catch it.

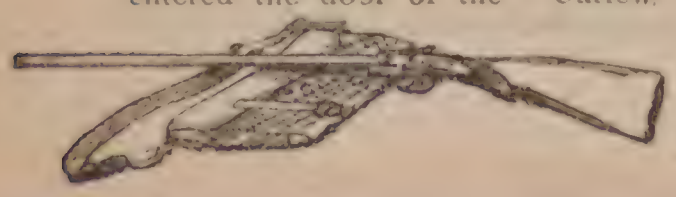
But there is a long file of people lined up the booking-office, and at the end of this woman in a bonnet and shawl is co pleasantly with the ticket-clerk.

"Would ye please tell me the quickest get to Liverpool Street Station?" sh "Bishopsgate, eh! Well, how much fare be?"—fumbling with some money up in paper. "*What?* Threepence-ha Lor', but that's a mort o' money. Haven' e'er a cheaper ticket than that? No suppose I must pay it"—sighs—"pay ha'n't have enough money to buy a bun eat on my way to Ipswich. I'm goin ye know, to see my married darter—

"Next please!" shouts the clerk, and looking old gentleman with a grizzled mou and beetling eye-brows steps smartly up

"I-ah-want a first-class return to Wes he remarks. "But first of all I wish to be that I shall get a seat. The last time I on your infernal line, I had to cling on to founded strap, sir, and——"

But the train is already entering the so you dash past the official with the instrument, shouting, as you pass, intention of paying at the other end.



BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

C. H. B. (Kimberley) says there is much unemployment and consequent poverty there, and that though it is one of Nature's treasure houses, it is in the hands of a monopoly.

W. G. C. (Bedford).—Many thanks for your letter. We are taking steps to "wake up Leamington."

J. C. W. sends a manuscript with a stamped but unaddressed envelope. Will he kindly send us his address?

J. S. (Warrington) says that anybody who doesn't approve of foreign missions is an atheist. We sincerely hope not.

C. BREWARD, Jun., 48, Cumberland Street, West Hartlepool, wants to start a weekly post-card correspondence with a reader in the south of England.

D. C. D. (Bridgnorth).—Many men are troubled with pimples on the face as the result of shaving. The cure is to use a good antiseptic shaving soap, and also to get the blood into clean condition by taking plenty of exercise and sleeping with your bedroom window open.

F. L. (Margate).—It should not be difficult for you to obtain the necessary "character." Your local recruiting sergeant will give you all particulars and every assistance.

W. P. (Manchester) wants a cure for a pale complexion. He details his mode of life, which seems all right, and he says he is in perfect health. We should recommend outdoor exercise instead of indoor gymnastics.

A. E. K. (Peckham).—State fully what you want us to do for you. You refer to a previous letter, but you can't expect us to keep indefinitely every letter we receive.

C. O. BARTLEY (3, Albion Grove, Carrington Street, Hull) contemplates a week's walking tour in the South-west of England, and wants to hear from readers who could give him hints from experience.

E. S. (Toronto), who called to see us before leaving for Canada, writes: "The immigration rush seems to have started, and when I think of the state of things in the Old Country I don't wonder at men coming west. This is truly a great country and full of possibilities.

T. F. E. (Stratford) wants to know the best cure for what he calls "the unmanly habit of blushing." Some people couldn't blush if they tried. He will get over it in time, and very quickly if he builds up his physique; you don't find athletes given to blushing.

"FRED" (Newcastle).—Warm baths may be taken as often as you like, but *hot* baths are reducing if indulged in too often.

W. S. (Brixton Hill).—We see nothing degrading in a boxing contest, provided both men are sportsmen and fight fair.

W. G. S. (Wakefield).—Write to the Emigrants' Information Bureau, 31, The Broadway, Westminster, for all information regarding prospects in the Colonies.

CONNOP (Church Street, Stourbridge) wants to make friends with some League member in his district who is keen on fishing.

E. W. B. (Birmingham).—(1) Every man is bound by law to assist a policeman in difficulties if called upon to do so. (2) A Territorial cannot be called out to fire on a mob in case of riot.

G. F. D. (Doncaster).—We have duly enrolled you as a League member; give our kind regards to your friend who recruited you.

J. S. (Constantinople) says this paper is most popular with all the men on the ss. "Penpol," because it brings them in imagination back to the Old Country. And yet there are some who would give their ears to be able to travel.

R. S. (Walton).—It is certainly possible to learn a profession from a course of postal lessons, provided they are of the right kind. Better write to the International Correspondence Schools, Kingsway, London. Without doubt they are the best of all the correspondence colleges, and their terms are extremely moderate.

L. E. A. (Hounslow).—I would recommend a compromise even to your disadvantage rather than advise legal proceedings. These are very costly, and, in such cases, usually unsatisfactory.

R. F. (Norwich).—The parson can insist on receiving seven days' notice before publishing the banns of marriage.

H. R. R. (Wolverhampton), **G. S.** (Cardiff), **F. S.** (Sunderland), **C. P.** (Chester), **W. B.** (Westminster), **W. M.** (Colne), **F. W. D.** (Lincoln), **J. S. B.** (Gateshead), **A. B.** (Kirkcaldy), **C. H. C.** (Aberdeen), **A. M.** (Birmingham), **T. P.** (Battersea), **W. V. F.** (Larne), **P. G.** (Hounslow), **W. W.** (Lee), **H. W. M.** (Brooklands) **N. M.** (Paisley), **G. A. C.** (Liverpool), **C. H. C.** (Barking), **J. K.** (Blackburn), **S. H. C.** (Forest Gate), **G. W. G.** (Manchester), **C. D.** (Nagalur), **W. F.** (Coleshill).—Best thanks for suggestions and practical help.

REVOLVER SHOOTING.

The side of a barn or the windowless wall of a house is a good background for practising revolver shooting. The usual target has a black bull on a white ground, and the revolver has a dark foresight, so that you can see it against the white of the target when sighting in the ordinary way under the bull.

This is just how it should *not* be. If you have to shoot at a burglar you are going to have an all dark target, and the man who keeps a revolver for practical purposes has the foresight bright, and practises at a white bull on a dark target.

There are of course many makes of revolvers, and none in particular is recommended, but it is always advisable to use the ammunition recommended by the maker of your particular weapon. To use any sort of powder is to run a serious risk of explosions.

In firing, the first point is to *squeeze* the trigger, never to pull it. Incidentally, especially if you are going in for match-shooting, you should have the main spring of your revolver eased. Indeed this is advisable in all cases.

As I say, squeeze the trigger, don't pull it, and if the revolver wobbles off the mark, stop squeezing it until he comes on to it again.

To take aim you begin by pointing the revolver below the mark, gradually raising it as you squeeze the trigger, until it is aligned on the bottom edge of the bull. Stop there, for every revolver throws up more or less, and if you aim bang at the centre of the bull, you will never hit it.

At first to gain confidence you may rest the revolver on your bent and disengaged arm, but don't get to rely on any form of support, for none is allowed in match-shooting. Besides in case of a "rough house" you might get one arm disabled and then where would you be?

For the same reason practise shooting with either hand. Clean your revolver the moment you have finished shooting. A revolver that has once been allowed to rust inside is useless for accurate firing.

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THE OUTER MAN.

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by
CAPTAIN
L. H. SAUNDERS.

PACKING SHOES.

Running out of town the other day, and being anxious not to take an ounce more luggage than was absolutely necessary, I was driven by necessity to invent what was to me a new method of packing shoes and boots.

Usually I have filled them with trees and thus taken up valuable space, and increased the weight of my bag.

This time I made use of the boots and shoes as extra compartments.

With a little ingenuity they can be so stuffed with odds and ends as to take quite a large part of your week-end equipment.

I was delighted to be able to leave behind me my leather collar box. This article always strikes me as bulky and a nuisance.

By coiling my collars round the round box in which my shaving soap is kept, I formed a solid, firm wedge which, covered with an old silk handkerchief, fitted perfectly into the heel end of my thick boots. Two pairs of socks had already found a place in the toe space—"forward," so to speak.

Drawing the laces together, the boots and their contents were kept steady and travelled very well indeed.

On the return journey less care is necessary, as many of the things have been worn, and the boots can be packed even more tightly.

SILK SHOE LACES.

Though I have a fair prejudice against the broad silk shoe lace for men's wear on any occasion whatsoever, I recognise that there are many who are fond of the thing, and I have no very definite reasons against it.

But on the score of economy it cannot be recommended. The silk lace has a tendency to wear out much sooner than the older mohair, or lace of other material.

It will catch in any and every little niche or projection, and strands will drag and break and look untidy even when the greatest care is taken.

If you must wear these luxuries do not give much for them. Sixpence a pair should be the limit, for they need renewing so often.

What is infinitely more serviceable is the broad lace made not of silk, but of ordinary bootlace material whatever that may be. These laces are sold at some bootshops, but they are rather hard to find at present.

Try from shop to shop until you get them; they will repay a little trouble.

THE EXTRA PAIR.

The practice of ordering a second pair of trousers with a new suit is one that I am surprised to find is not as general as it should be.

The advantages are obvious. Trousers wear out so much sooner than coats and waistcoats, and if a second pair is not handy the coat and waistcoat either have to be worn with trousers of another cloth, or they are discarded and wasted.

It is wrong to suppose that a tailor will have a stock of the cloth of which the suit is made three months after it is ordered. It is more than likely that he will not. So the order should be given with that for the suit.

This custom is specially suggested for the man who is engaged in regular office work.

The man who is out of doors a great deal is more often changing his clothes. He will have breeches for riding, and flannels for all sorts of games and sports, so that his office clothes get more rest.

Probably one pair of trousers with each suit will be sufficient for such men.

The coat and waistcoat of many suits can be worn with grey flannels, and the cloth trousers may be saved in this way.

LOOK TO YOUR LINKS.

The work of a man's links is a responsible one—how responsible a man only knows when one of them breaks!

It is as well to look at the hinges and the "works" of your links from time to time. This may save a break while they are being worn, and the possible loss of one of the ends.

This is most annoying, since a link and a half is as useless as one glove or one boot. In the best links the fastenings have a tendency to break or work loose.

There is another aspect of the link matter. Recently I bought a pair of so-called "gold links" at a sale.

The price was low, but not so low as to arouse suspicion.

I took them home and had a good look at them, when I found that each link was in two layers—one of gold, one of base, stronger metal.

This was not in itself a drawback, as the metal foundation gave strength; but what was disappointing was the fact that when being worn it was quite easy to see where the gold and the base metal met.

I can only use these links for everyday wear. They will not do for evening dress. The entire visible surface of the link should be uniform in appearance, the gold being carried down over the rims.

SILK HAT BANDS.

A friend of mine from the country, who was making a brief stay in London, remarked to me the other day that half the men in the City seemed to be in mourning.

When I asked what led him to that conclusion, he pointed out the fact that almost the majority of the silk hats that one saw had a broad band of black cloth in place of the normal ribbon.

Many men nowadays order their hats in the first instance with such a band, whether they are in mourning or not, and many more, having once adopted the band as a token of mourning, have never had it removed.

There is no doubt that the cloth band greatly enhances the appearance of the hat provided it is not more than two inches or so in depth.

It seems to show up the glossiness of the remainder of the surface, and, incidentally, it covers a part of the "tile," which it is extremely difficult to keep really trim if the nap once gets disordered.

The cloth band is, of course, the same width all the way round, and simply has a seam in the position where the bow is usually to be found.

EASING TROUSER-PRESS SCREWS.

Apropos of my suggestion that it is advisable from time to time to oil the screws of one's trouser-press, a Birmingham reader suggests blacklead as a more convenient lubricant; which it certainly is, if used dry, for wooden screws.

Also, there is less danger of the trousers becoming soiled owing to the oil running on to them.

But whatever you use for the purpose it is well to make a point of lubricating the screws of your press in some way once or twice a year, not only to save your fingers, but because with thumbscrews that do not work easily you are liable to imagine that the press is screwed up tight when it is not.

A little blacklead should also be placed between the bottom of the screw and the metal plate or cross-bar of the press, otherwise the latter will be gradually worn away by the friction of screwing up and unscrewing the press.

HOME-MADE SLEEVE-LIFTS.

Not one man in a hundred gets his shirts m
to measure, and there is small reason why
should, for the ready-made article is just as g
as the more costly kind.

In buying shirts it is important to select a m
that gives you plenty of length in the sleeve,
your wrist looks very naked when the sleev
your shirt is too short.

Shirt-makers know this, and usually err on
other side and make the sleeves two or th
inches longer than necessary; hence the n
for sleeve-lifts.

Those made of wire twisted in spiral form
most commonly used, but they are not so good
so comfortable as home-made ones.

Get a yard of white "hat" elastic, cut off enou
to make sleeve garters, knot the ends togeth
and the thing is done.

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Send **3s.** to Jno. W. Newall, The Cabinet Works, Winsford, Cheshire, and receive per return post one of the simplest, most compact, yet most effective trouser stretchers on the market.

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Sole Agents for Colonies: GORDON & GOTCH, London, etc. *South Africa:* The Central News Agency, Capetown, etc. Registered for Canadian Magazine post.

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In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.
In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.
There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a postal order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor and crossed "& Co." with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Clothe yourself on the Instalment System. Suits cut by experts, prices from 42s., instalments 5s. monthly. Be measured at home. Full particulars, telling how, from the Good Wear Co. (Dept. 35), 6, North Street, Quadrant, Brighton.

Cycling, riding, walking, drab regulation putties. Post free 3s. 3d.—Rodway, 18, Bristol Street, Birmingham.

Pair of Wellington boots (officer's), size seven, and box-spurs, 12s. 6d., or exchange.—Box 2158, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Patterns free to any address of our celebrated Yorkshire Suitings. Any length cut at wholesale price. Send postcard now.—Bradley's, Dept. H, Bradford.

Several Good Coat Hangers and Trouser Stretchers to clear, sacrifice 6d. each.—Box 2145, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

"DIGS."

To Sportsmen in London.—At 99, Edith Road, West Kensington, sportsmen will find comfortable rooms at strictly moderate rates, close to Queen's Club and three exhibitions.

MOTORS, CYCLES, AND ACCESSORIES

Gent.'s roadster bicycle for sale, in good condition, a bargain at £3 10s.—Box 2166, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

DOGS.

Bull Terrier Bitch, 17 months, pedigree, weight 50lb., very lively, £5. Exchange anything useful.—Gibbs, 76, Winson Green Road, Birmingham.

EDUCATIONAL.

Sloan-Duployan Shorthand saves a year's study and leads to highest speeds; learned in twelve lessons; interesting handbook free.—Shorthand Association, Grosvenor Road, London, N.

For Sale. Harmsworth Self Educator, Complete 8 vols., Cloth Bound, Splendid Condition. What offers?—Martin, Vroncysyllte, Llangollen.

Pelman-Foster (two-guinea) Memory Training-System. Course complete for 10s. 6d.—Box 2159, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Earn £5 per week. Learn to write Advertisements. We teach you until efficient, and help you to find a position. Prospectus free.—Page-Davis Advertising School (Dept. 38), 15, Oxford Street, London, W.

Magic and Hypnotism and Science; will sell in one lot (10 books), 12s. 6d.—Box 2157, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Stammering effectually cured by correspondence or personally; treatise lent free.—N. H. Mason, 30, Fleet Street, London. Established 1876.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

Youth (19) wants situation on farm. Willing to work hard. Expects no wages first three months.—Particulars from Z, 43, St. Martin's Lane, London.

Smart certificated shorthand writer and typist (22) requires post as correspondence clerk or secretary; berth in Colonies not objected to; not afraid of hard work, but requires good salary.—G. L., 86, Shaftesbury Road, Brighton.

Earn Money at Home.—Particulars, addressed envelope, Edwards Company, 54, Cornwall Road, Brixton.

30s. to £5 per week for work done at home. We provide materials. No canvassing.—Send for particulars to the National Home Employment Association, Albemarle Works, Hounslow.

To Secretaries of Clubs, and others, &c.—Write for particulars of unique agency to Carter's Embrocation Co., Wellington Road, Battersea.

For high grade positions, see Hapgood's advertisement, page 20.

FINANCIAL, &c.

Wanted, loan £10, good interest given, repay monthly instalments. Only private lenders need apply.—Box 2167, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

£250 Provident bond, ballot section, £10 16s. 8d. paid in. What offers or exchange?—Box 2168, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

£300 certificate British Homes, paid £58, immediate draw. What offers? Money wanted.—Box 2174, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

£25 wanted for a few weeks, liberal interest paid. No agents or moneylenders. Security.—Box 2169, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

For sale, 50 fully-paid Christinville rubber shares, 3s. each.—Box 2170, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Good selling lines and novelties wanted for mail order and agent's canvassing business.—Box 2171, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

Daylight developer, in case, good condition, to take up to 3in. films.—Box 2172, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Lot of ¼-plate accessories, including tripod; 10s.—Box 2173, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MEDICAL, &c.

"Moustache." Add to the importance of your appearance and grow a "Moustache." A fine manly "Moustache" grown in a few days by using "Hairsutine," 6d. per box. Post Free, in plain wrapper—De Frene & Co., 81, Bowyer Road, Birmingham.

Preserve as well as clean your Teeth; recipe, P.O. 1s.—Box 2087, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O., 1s.—Box 2071, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Turkish bath cabinet, cost 30s., accept 21s.; grip dumb-bells, 5s.; punching bag, 7s. 6d.—H. Theakston, 16, Upper Price Street, York.

Green Ointment. Removes disfiguring pimples, acne, etc. Splendid healer. Recipe P.O. 1s.—H. Drake, Battery Terrace, Bradford.

Dr. Carter's Liniment or Embrocation speedily relieves deep-seated Inflammation, Rheumatic Pains, Lumbago, Sciatica, Chronic Glandular Enlargements, and Affections of the Joints. Cures Sprains and Paralytic Numbness. An invaluable preparation for Athletes as a Muscle Stimulant. Removes Stiffness. Shake well and rub affected parts. 2s. 9d. size, P.O. 1s., post free. Sole manufacturers, Carter's Embrocation Co., Wellington Road, Battersea, S.W. British made.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Razors. The Best Razor in the World (Regd.). Warranted Best Sheffield Steel, Hollow ground, Black Handle, 2s. White Handle, Best finish, Extra Hollow, 3s. 6d. Post free—J. Furniss, Highfields Cutlery Works, Sheffield.

"Why pay a big price for a self-filling Fountain pen?" We can supply you with one you can rely on for 1s. 1d. post free.—"Sevanette," 195, Grove Road, London, E.

Stamps!! Wanted to buy an old collection of stamps; or loose stamps from old letters; cash or offer by return.—W. Jacoby, 145, Fenchurch Street, E.C. Est. 1884. 'Phone 4733 Wall.

Electrotyping outfit, 7s. 6d.; Printing Press and Metal Type, 9s.; Hand Camera, 2s.—Box 2160, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

I'm the Cheapest Printer on Earth. I can do anything, and do it a little better than any other people, and a lot cheaper too. Let me quote, merely quote.—Russell Smart, 40E, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Exchange ½-horse steam-engine castings for a ¼-plate hand camera or cash offer.—Box 2156, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Handsome Gent's Double Simulation Gold Albert, 1s. post free; with free gift of handsome seal to wear with same.—N. A. J., 16, Caldecot Road, Denmark Hill, London.

Astrology.—Two Years' events. The Planets' Influence on Destiny, Marriage, &c. Send birth date, with 1s. order.—Prof. Mercury, L. K., Llandaff, Glam.

Several hundred assorted pictorial postcards to clear, comics, views, and actresses, &c.; 1s. 6d. per 100, post free.—Box 2143, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

"The Quickest Honest Roads to Biggest Fortunes." Our book contains 400 Real Trade Secrets and the "Know How," post paid 1s. 2d. Just to show trade's bucking up, a 5s. free gift to every purchaser, and a genuine self-filling fountain pen to every tenth purchaser. Cut this out. It may not appear again.—Hughes, Publisher, Weston-super-Mare.

Remington Typewriter, No. 7, in splendid condition and perfect working order. What offers?—Box 2144, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

PAWNBROKER'S : CLEARANCE : SALE.

Send for List of 1,500 Absolutely Genuine Bargains, Post Free to any Address.

Astounding Value. Patronised by the Nobility.

12S. 6D.—Field, Race, or Marine Glasses, £4 4s. Military Binocular, as used in the Army and Navy; 10 achromatic lenses; 50 miles' range; shows bullet mark at 1,000 yards; perfect definition; saddler-made case; sacrifice, 12s. 6d. Approval.

10S. 6D.—Gent.'s heavy 18-carat Gold-cased Keyless Lever Watch, improved patent (John Forrest, London), absolutely perfect timekeeper, 10 years' warranty; together with fashionable curb double Albert, same quality, with Grecian head seal attached. Sacrifice the lot for 10s. 6d., worth 50s. Great bargain. Approval willingly.

10S. 6D.—Organ-tone Melodeon, magnificent 63s. instrument, registered model, 12-fold bellows (metal bound), 40 sets reeds, 4 acting stops, 2 bass chords. Rich, powerful tone, perfect order. Sacrifice, 10s. 6d. Approval willingly.

25S.—Very fine Old Violin, perfect condition, labelled Peter Guarnerius, Anno 1712. Rich, mellow tone. Bow and case. Suit professional or soloist. Sacrifice, 25s., worth £10. Approval.

15S. 6D. (Worth £6 6s.)—Powerful Binocular Field Glasses, 10-lens Magnification Power; brilliant definition; 60 miles' range; great depth of focus; large field of view, adjusted to the highest degree of scientific accuracy, in brown saddler-made sling case. Sacrifice 15s. 6d. Approval.

19S. 6D.—Gent's £4 4s. Fashionable dark brown Tweed Suit, splendid quality, tailor-made, latest West-End cut and finish, never worn, breast 38in., waist 35in., leg 31½in.; great sacrifice, 19s. 6d. Approval willingly.

12S. 6D.—Gent's Fashionable Double Albert, 18ct. gold (stamped) filled, curb pattern; solid links; worth £2 2s.; sacrifice, 12s. 6d. Approval.

32S. 6D.—Military Binocular (by Lumiere), £8 8s. pair; achromatic; extra powerful; fitted with 12 finest quality crystal lenses and extending sunshades; over 60 miles' range; very clear definition; adjusted to the highest degree of scientific accuracy; solid leather sling case; sacrifice, 32s. 6d. Approval willingly.

49S. 6D.—£10 10s. Double Draw Binocular, 12-lens magnification power, by Lumiere; most powerful glass-made; name of ship can be distinctly read five miles from shore; brilliant definition, wide field; in hard English brown leather case; sacrifice, 49s. 6d. Approval willingly.

DAVIS & CO. (Dept. 4), Licensed Pawnbrokers, 284, Brixton Road, London, S.W.

SPECIAL "MODERN MAN" OFFER!

MAY 7.

SEND TO-DAY.

Sandow's Grip Dumb-Bells on FREE TRIAL.

We will send, post paid and free of all costs, to every reader of THE MODERN MAN in Great Britain, who will fill in the coupon below, One Pair of Sandow's world-famous Grip Dumb-bells for **Seven Days' Free Trial.**

With every pair we also send a Booklet of Exercises, showing in detail the way to perform each of the original exercises of the Sandow System, also a Chart showing how many times each exercise should be done daily by the average man or youth, together with hints on how, when, or where to exercise, how to take a cold bath, and other useful information.

This CHART contains One Month's Initiatory Course of Exercises, suitable for the average man or youth, and it has been carefully prepared by Mr. Sandow for presentation and use with every pair of the Grip Dumb-bells.

Everyone who wishes to keep physically fit, and prevent such illnesses as Indigestion, Constipation, Liver Complaint, Insomnia, should immediately take advantage of testing the wonderful results derived from the use of the Dumb-bells.

READ THIS advertisement carefully, and if you decide to test SANDOW'S GRIP DUMB-BELLS, fill in the Order Form below with your name and address.

This done, return to us, and we will despatch, post paid to your door, the Dumb-bells you have selected. Use them FREE OF CHARGE for seven days, and at the end of that time, should you decide upon keeping same, forward a Postal Order for 2s. 6d. as your first payment, and the balance we shall be pleased to accept in monthly payments of 2s. 6d. each—equal to one penny per day.

YOU CAN PUT THREE INCHES ON YOUR CHEST MEASUREMENT and increase all your other muscles in proportion by using the GRIP DUMB-BELLS 15 minutes a day for three months.

If you decide not to keep the Dumb-bells, return them to our address, and NO CHARGE WHATSOEVER WILL BE MADE.

Sandow's Grip Dumb-Bell Co.,
Room 39, Sandow Hall,
Bury Street, London, W.C.

Date.....19.....

Gentlemen,

Please send me by return one pair* of your

		Suitable for age
Gentlemen's Spring-Grip Dumb-bells at	...12/6	18 and upwards.
Youth's " " "	...10/6	14 to 18.
Ladies' " " "	...10/6	16 upwards.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

* Please cross out sizes not required.

"ADAPTABLE" TO EVERY PHYSIQUE

"HEALTH & STRENGTH" EXERCISER & DEVELOPER

NOW is Your Opportunity!

No matter what your position is you can by means of very easy payments be the immediate owner of the now world-famous "Health & Strength" Developer.

The following is the plan on which the Exerciser is supplied:—There are two strengths—Ordinary & Athletes'. On receipt of 2/6 and a promise to pay three monthly payments of 2/3, the Ordinary Strength Developer will be sent by return of post. (*See Coupon*). For Athletes' Strength a first payment of 3/- and a promise to pay three monthly payments of 2/9 and the Developer will be sent at once. (*See Coupon.*)

Some FACTS about the "Health & Strength" Developer.

(1) It is entirely free from complication, being a single strand of India-rubber.
(2) It can be used as a Wrist-Grip Machine, Chest Expander, Weight-lifter, and Ordinary Developer.
(3) An advantage of this machine is that the user is not only exercising by pulling against the rubber, but also against his own muscles as well.
(4) It is so little that it may be used by members of both sexes as well as children with equal facility.
(5) The "H. & S." Developer has been specially designed by the Editor of "Health & Strength," and completely does away with all the objections offered to the ordinary Exerciser of this kind.

Specially recommended to Boxers by Young Josephs, Gunner Moir, and many other famous champions.

W. BROADFIELD, Eastleigh, Hants, writes: "I received the Developer quite safely and am very pleased with it."

MAURICE LANGHAM, Hulme, Manchester, writes:—"I am very pleased and quite satisfied with the Developer and its results which have been most gratifying. I will recommend the same to all my friends."

W. R. PEACOCK, Pentonville Road, King's Cross:—"Developer to hand. I am perfectly satisfied with it and thank you for your prompt attention."

Hundreds of other testimonials have been received.

Each Exerciser is accompanied by a Chart of 20 different exercises, all specially selected and invented by the Editor of "H. & S."

Special Offer.—This chart will be carefully marked with special curative exercises by our Correspondence Superintendent if the purchaser states his wishes when sending order.

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY.

To The Athletic Appliance Co.,
Covent House, Burleigh Street,
Strand, W.C.

Please send me "Health & Strength" Exerciser and Developer ..... Strength. I enclose herewith 2/6 * 3/- and agree to pay three further instalment of 2/3 (2/9), one in a month from date, and second in two months, and the last in three months. You agree to send me the Developer at once, post free, and I agree not to sell it until I have completed the payments.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Strike out words not wanted.
Write very plainly. Cross all P.O.'s.